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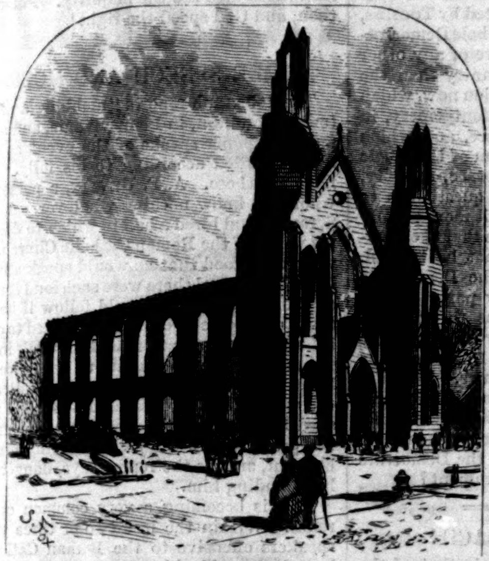

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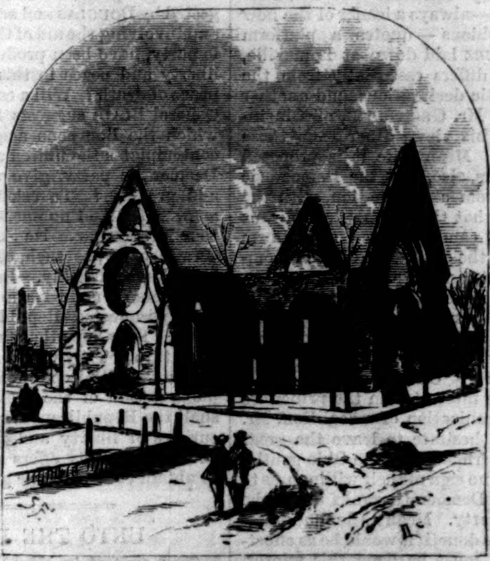

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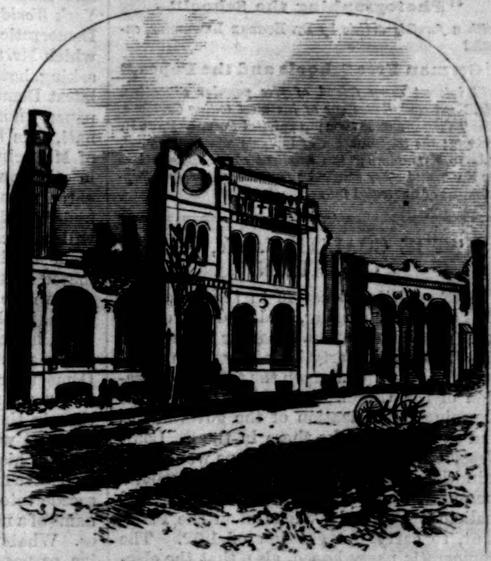

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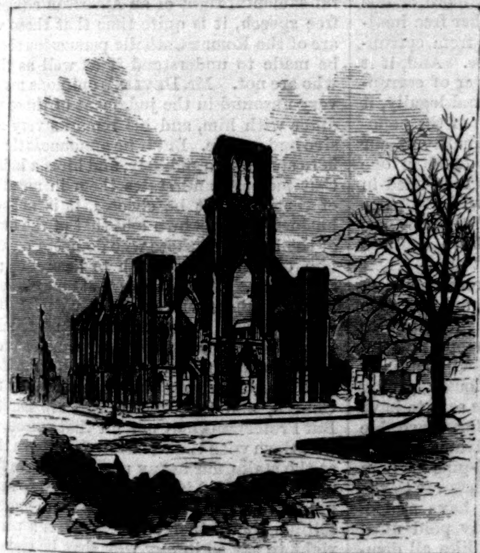

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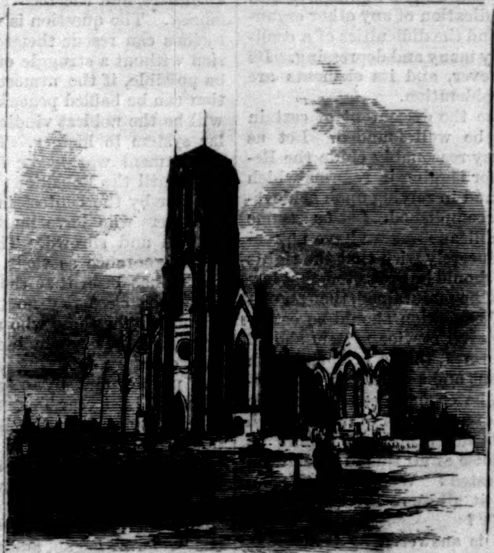

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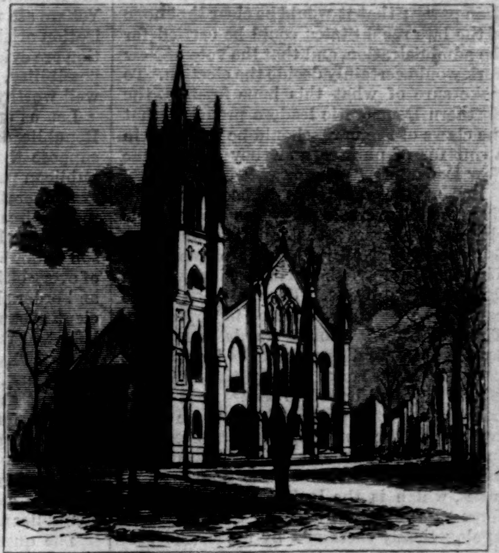

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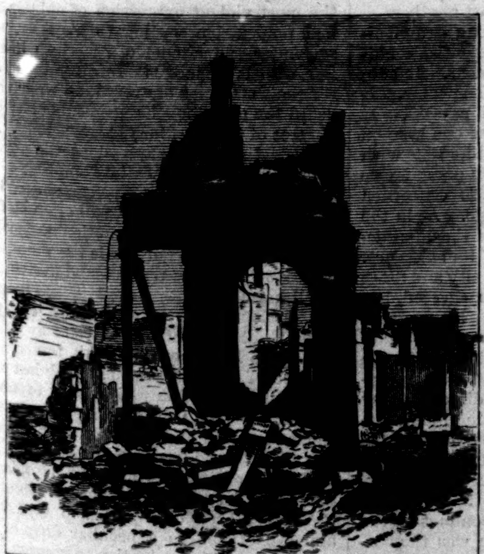
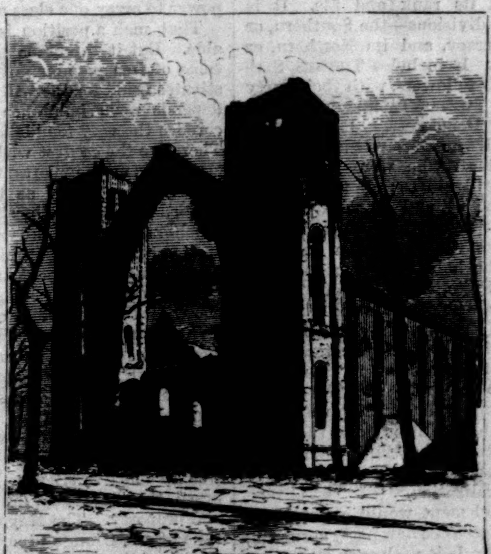
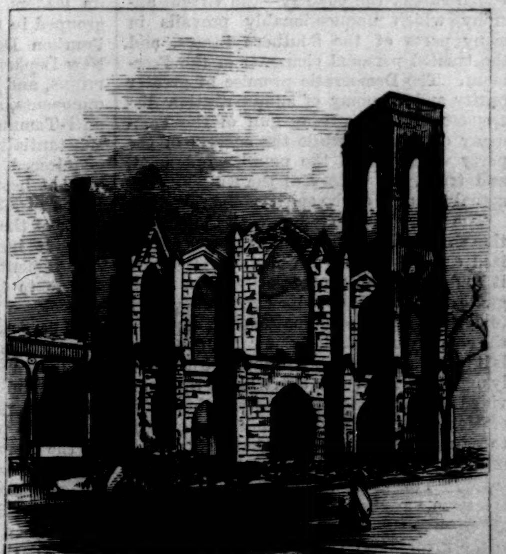


METHODIST CHURCH BLOCK.



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—SOUTH SIDE.



SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

THE RUINED CHURCHES OF CHICAGO.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAM SHAW, 137 TWENTY-SECOND STREET, CHICAGO.—[SEE PAGE 1058.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 11, 1871.

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"THE COALITION, AY, THE COALITION!"

THE political situation in the country is silently changing, and it deserves the most careful attention. Earlier in the year the Democratic party hoped by the natural reaction consequent upon the formal restoration of the Union, by denunciations of the alarming centralization of the government, and suggestions, like those in the St. Louis *Republican*, that the Republicans would sustain General Grant in the most despotic measures, and by the most incessant and malicious personal attacks upon the President, to carry the election of 1872. The Democratic party hoped, also, that the elections of this year, which, as the third year of an administration, is always its weakest, would show a serious decline in the Republican party; that it would be clear that none of the late rebel States could be carried for the administration, and that the vote of New York would certainly decide the election. To make sure of what this hope foretold, the Northern Democratic leaders proposed that the claws of the party should be sheathed in a soft fur of phrases, and they devised the New Departure.

But as the year ends it becomes plain that the Democratic party has no probable chance of success; that all its plans have failed, and that all its hopes are frustrated. The elections have shown increasing strength for the Republicans. The Southern States can not be considered united in opposition. The appalling Tammany frauds, committed by the absolute dictators of the Democratic party in New York, and by the fruits of which they had hoped to secure that State, have aroused the wrath of the whole country; while the New Departure has resulted in a mere party schism, being as scornfully and sincerely rejected by the Bourbon element, which is the logical and controlling force of the party, as it is evasively and apologetically sustained by those who profess to accept it. The Democratic argument against centralization and consolidation has failed before two considerations which satisfy the country—the virtual anarchy which unquestionably prevails in many parts of the Southern States, and the trusted personal character of the President. The Democratic promise of greater purity and economy of administration disappears in the yawning gulf of the Tammany disclosures, while the success of the party would be, in the popular judgment, and truly, the victory of the Ku-Klux, the actual triumph of the spirit of the rebellion.

The year ends, therefore, with the conviction that the Democratic party as now organized can not elect a President, and, should it be defeated, must necessarily suffer an organic change. To save itself, the party must undertake a new combination, and appeal to the country upon entirely new grounds. This is its present policy, and it should be distinctly understood. The country being really divided between the two parties, and the Democratic party not being of itself strong enough to carry the election, in what way can it unite with Republicans enough to turn the scale? This is the question. There are, as is known, various groups of Republicans who are strenuously opposed to the renomination of the President. But the elections seem to place the renomination beyond question. These groups will, therefore, be restless and dissatisfied. Can they be approached? Mr. Sumner and his friends, Mr. Schurz and his friends, the Ohio group, and all those who look with doubt upon certain tendencies of Republican legislation, and who, as the Democrats suppose, despair of specific reforms under President Grant—can these be combined into a common opposition?

The Democratic chiefs hope so, and they look to Missouri for the dawn. General Blair, who was for summary measures with the Southern Legislatures in 1868, has made a speech at Montgomery, which is "a feeler." He asks why the Democratic party should not "accept" a candidate who is sound upon certain points which his Republican colleague, Mr. Schurz, has declared to be vital and paramount. Simultaneously with his speech the St. Louis *Republican*, the Democratic paper of the State, says that "with a liberal and patriotic Republican made President," and a majority of "liberals and Democrats" in Congress, although the result would not be "a full Democratic triumph," yet it would be an "inestimable improvement on the present order of things." Mr. Montgomery Blair loudly cries "Amen." The New York *World* also—always a leader of the new Democratic fashions—quotes a platform which Mr. Schurz laid down at Louisville, asking how it differs essentially from the latest Democratic declarations, and another paper, quoting Mr. Groesbeck, of Cincinnati, asks how his views differ from those of Mr. Schurz. Meanwhile it is proposed in other quarters, also, that the Democratic party refrain from a nomination, with the understanding that the liberal Republicans will suggest a candidate and a platform upon which all the opponents of the renominated President can unite.

Here are the materials of a powerful coalition, if there were the organizing mind. That, however, as the experience of the last few years shows, is not to be found in the Democratic party. On the other side, Mr. Schurz is more interested in the principles than in the organization of a coalition, Mr. Sumner would hesitate to leave the great body of his old friends, and the Ohio gentlemen have made no sign of their willingness to secede into the Democratic ranks under the name of a new party. Meanwhile time presses. Whatever is done, if it would be as effective as possible, must be done this winter. The only organization at hand is the Democratic, and its action would not be ratified by the Republican element of a new movement. Yet we see no indication of any other organization arising, and the difficulties of a coalition are evidently many and depressing. Its possibility, however, and its elements are well worthy consideration.

Let us suppose the discontent of certain Republicans to be well founded. Let us suppose that they reasonably chide the Republican party for lagging in reforms which are imperative, and in relying upon achievements already accomplished. Let us assume that these Republicans—as we have no reason to doubt—sincerely wish that the rights of every citizen should be protected, that law and order should be maintained, that an efficient system of education should be established, that the civil service system should be radically reformed, that a profound faith in free institutions and a constitutional government should be encouraged—the simple question for them and for all of us who wish the same great and beneficent results is, what is the promise of all this in a coalition such as is suggested? Would such a combination secure it all more surely than the Republican party?

The question is answered by looking at the elements of the proposed coalition in detail. The first element is the Democratic party, its traditions, its purposes, its spirit, its leaders, and its rank and file. It is grouped in two divisions—the Southern, or Bourbon Democracy, and its Northern, or New Departure. It includes Toombs, Stephens, and their followers, with their party opponents, and Tweed, Tammany, and the anti-Tammany Democrats. It embraces substantially all who were rebels and have acquiesced, and all who were rebels and who at heart still are so; all the Copperheads of '63 and '64, and all who were in favor of the war and opposed to carrying it on. It includes the class who hate the government, who hold to paramount allegiance to the State, who hunt and harass the colored race, who compose the Ku-Klux, who perpetuate anarchy, who are indifferent to education, who pander to priestcraft and the ignorance of the resident foreign immigrants, and who are strongest in the centres of the worst population. This is one element of a possible coalition; and the other is the Republicans who think their party too slow in great reforms, or inclined to dangerous centralization.

Yet the first element would certainly be nineteen-twentieths of a new party springing from a coalition. Is it with such allies that any reasonable man believes that the battle of respect for equal rights, of larger liberty, of increasing intelligence, and of American civilization is to be won? Does any one suppose that in such a combination the one-twentieth in numbers would control? Assume that it began with an ex-Republican as its candidate. That would be merely the price paid by the Democratic party for aid in recovering power. The coalition would be the organized Democratic party which we know and have known, *plus* certain discontented Republicans. For the elections show that the movement in the Republican ranks would be the desertion of a company, not the disintegration of an army. On the other hand, the Democrats would join without a straggler. *Non tali auxilio!* Not so is the fight of Republican progress to be fought.

If that is to be advanced by a new coalition, it must be a combination which would draw only the best men from the Democracy, and leave the party organization intact. It must be a coalition like that between the Free-soil Democrats and the conscience Whigs. It must be a coalition against the tendencies and repulsive to the leaders of the Democratic party. Would a combination suggested by Douglas and accepted by Toombs, and involving the aid of the whole Democratic party, have been productive of any other liberty and peace in this country than the peace of death? Will a coalition now, which General Blair suggests in Montgomery, in which the Bourbons acquiesce, and which contemplates the united action of the whole Democratic party, give us peace, security, and progress? To ask the question is to answer it. And no one sees it more plainly than Mr. Schurz. He knows that the Democratic party, as such, can not be trusted. He says so frankly. But the Democratic managers do not wish a new party. They wish disaffected Republicans to come to them. They hope that fine words will serve their turn. They would like to pull out the chestnuts with Republican paws. The simple question of the coalition, therefore, is, shall the Republicans who wish for surer securities of liberty and progress than they think their party offers help the Democrats to obtain control of the government?

UNTO THE BREACH!

THE contest in New York is that of the whole country. It involves a great deal more than the punishment of individual swindlers, and the recovery of more or less money. The question is whether free institutions can rescue themselves from corruption without a struggle of force. And, if it be possible, if the utmost power of corruption can be baffled peacefully and legally, it will be the noblest vindication of the popular system in history. The quality of our government was never fairly tried in one way until the Rebellion; it is now tried in another by the contest in New York. The swindlers who have mastered the city are skillful and shrewd. They have counted upon ignorance as their great ally. Their theory has been that the poorest and most numerous class pay no taxes, and have no friendship for those who are rich enough to pay them. The swindlers have propitiated this class by flattering them as especially the people, and by ostentatiously giving money. Last year Tweed was said to have given fifty thousand dollars for charitable purposes. Just now he has advanced twenty thousand to pay the small-pipe men in the Croton works. The swindlers say to the workmen, whose money they have stolen, that all laborers were regularly paid until the "reform" began, and thus, like all demagogues in every age, they surround their crimes with the sympathy of the ignorant, and rely in the last extremity upon their power to array one class against another.

That such a position is strong is undeniable. But it threatens the essential conditions of free popular government. It substitutes fraud for the will of the people. It depends upon ignorance and passion. It corodes the very foundations of our system. Therefore the contest with it, like that with slavery, is more important than party issues alone. Party, now as then, is concerned only as it relates to the struggle. As in the rebellion, the question is not of the administration of government, but of its existence. There is no government in the city and State of New York, if the swindlers succeed, but the will of a gang of thieves. No personal right, no property, nothing is secure under such a mastery. The amendments to the code which the Ring sought secretly to procure last spring, and which, discovered by chance, were baffled by the indignant demand upon the Governor not to sign the bill—a demand with which he complied—was an effort to silence the press which exposed the Tammany designs upon liberty and property. The Mayor's conduct at the time of the Orange procession was the surrender of the fundamental right of peaceful assembly and free speech to the menace of an ignorant and passionate mob. And while the Tammany Ring was crushing the rights of the people with one hand, it was stealing their money with the other.

It is with this powerful and organized and desperate corruption that the people are about to close in a contest at the ballot-box. The Ring will exhaust every effort to repeat and stuff and count falsely. Its seizure and destruction of the box, should the result seem to declare against Tammany, will depend wholly upon what it believes to be its chance of success. It would no more hesitate at a riot than at a theft. And the contest, although its most acrimonious point is in the city, really extends through the State. Even should the Ring carry the city, it may be defeated in the State. Let the people rally, therefore, as they did ten years ago when Sumter fell. Let it be understood that rights and principles as precious are now in danger. Let us elect a Legislature which will repeal the Tammany charter, and replace it with one which is not framed by thieves to make stealing easy. It is the cause of all men who believe that honesty is the only security of good government. And those men are the majority. Forward, then, and God speed the right!

FREE SPEECH AND MOBS.

THE telegraph reports "mobbing a minister" at Scranton, in Pennsylvania, and a Republican paper speaks of the event as of a fool rewarded according to his folly. The facts are these. A. P. Devlin, a person of whom we know nothing whatever, came to Scranton and hired a hall in which to declare his views of the Roman Catholic Church. It was understood that he would speak strongly against it, and there were such loud threats of the mischief that would follow if he did that the proprietor of the hall refused to open it. Devlin then attempted to speak in the street, and upon beginning to denounce the Roman Catholic Church he was assaulted by the mob, which threatened his life, and pursued him as he attempted to escape under the protection of the police, stoning him as he went, and, as the report says, dangerously wounding him.

This is becoming a very common occurrence. Within the last two or three years speakers offensive to the Roman Catholics have been mobbed by them, as if their opinions were sacred, and not to be criticised but at personal peril. Now, as the very first and fundamental right of an American citizen is free speech, it is quite time that those who are of the Roman Catholic persuasion should be made to understand it as well as those who are not. Mr. Devlin's opinions may be very unsound in the judgment of those who differ with him, and his remarks very abusive and untrue. But if he announces that he is to state them publicly, and hires a hall for that purpose, and states them in any form of rhetoric that he chooses, it is nobody's business but his own and that of the owner of the hall; and those who do not agree with him, or who do not wish to hear him, may stay away. There are a great many Trinitarian preachers who constantly declare that Unitarianism is no better than infidelity. But that does not justify Unitarians in breaking Trinitarian heads. And the Roman Catholic Church asserts that it is the only true Church, and that Protestants are heretics. But Protestants may not, for that reason, torture them with thumb-screws, nor burn them at the stake, nor in any manner disturb their meetings. And if any body wishes to say in public that the Pope of Rome is no more infallible than other people, he has a perfect right to say so in any way that he chooses; and if any body tries by force to silence him, the government exists to protect him.

To say that a man who is mobbed even for the most violent expression of opinion is a fool punished according to his folly, is to surrender the citadel of American liberty. For who is to judge? In all political and religious meetings of every kind we have all heard the most foolish sentiments uttered in phrases of the most fiery extravagance. But in defending such expressions the government defends the essential condition of human progress, which is free speech. Where there is free speech there will often be foolish speech. But the assumption of a mob to stifle any speech whatever is the worst kind of despotism, to be resisted and overthrown at all hazards.

The shameful surrender of the most precious rights of American citizens by Oakey Hall, the Mayor of New York, to the mere menace of a Roman Catholic mob last summer is naturally followed by such events as the mobbing of Devlin. The people who engage in mobs are not generally readers of newspapers, and have no knowledge of the principles of liberty. Recently, also, in the cases that have attracted public attention, they have been chiefly Roman Catholics; and it is therefore a peculiar duty of the priests of that denomination to impress upon their congregations the truth that under the American government Devlin has the same right to say in any manner he prefers what he thinks of Roman Catholics that they have to say what they think of Protestants and Jews.

UNION IS STRENGTH.

If the Tammany Ring had been able to direct the political movements of the reform party in such a manner as to insure a Tammany triumph, it would have divided the opposition. This is the most familiar and obvious policy of an enemy. Divide and smite in detail. That is the Tammany order of the day; and at this moment it seems doubtful whether the reform party comprehends the situation. It is, however, very simple and very evident. Tammany unites upon certain candidates. Its line is unbroken. Its forces are perfectly in hand. There is no doubt in any mind (so-called) of any Tammany voter how he shall vote. The plain duty of the reform party, Republicans, Democrats, and every division within those parties, is to unite upon certain candidates, and oppose an equally unbroken front to the enemy.

Now perfect magnanimity is not always to be expected in politics. If Tammany is to be defeated, it must be by an alliance of honest Republicans and honest Democrats. Neither could win alone. This fact was conceded by the reform Democracy in nominating the Republican General Sigel for Register, and this should be satisfactory. Exactly to balance unknown quantities was impossible; and we hope the effort will not be made. If there are two honest candidates for the Legislature of different parties in any district, the more glory to him, Republican or Democrat, who withdraws in favor of the other. In the effort to adjust the claims of each side precisely the battle may be lost. Tammany asks nothing better in every district than two honest party candidates against the single agent of the Ring. Let the enemy teach those who mean reform. We agree that where the Republican element is strongest it ought to prevail in the choice of a candidate, and that we must not forget the election of United States Senator, in which the State Senate now to be elected will take part. But we are not in the habit of counting upon Republican Senators from the city, and should there be the double honest nomination of which we speak in any district, let no Republican insist that it be divided. This, here and now, is the true policy. What may happen we do not know. "My advice was good," said Phocion, "although we were beaten."

LOOK OUT FOR LEAKS!

In the contest with Tammany, which is the struggle of honesty with knavery, it should not be surprising that some who were trusted to be true to the end should be bought off. In every war there are traitors. The power of Tammany has been so firmly intrenched, it has obtained such absolute control of every department of the city government, its favor has been deemed so indispensable by every political aspirant in the city, that its prestige is enormous, and its overthrow not to be accomplished by the most powerful blasts upon innumerable rams' horns. Nothing but battering-rams can bring it down. The exposure of a rascality which was universally understood, although the proof had been wanting, leaves untouched the basis of the power of the Ring, which is the support of those who do not read newspapers, and who believe only what they wish to believe. The better part of the Democratic party in the city has always been overborne by this element. The Ring conquered because of its dependence upon this class, and the whole party machinery was in its hands.

Now there are a great many persons who believe that in a struggle between honest men and knaves the knaves will always win. And as the knaves know this disposition of mind, they profit by it, and at the proper time offer the bribe which brings the doubter to the side which he believes will win. Moreover, the tendency of political life is to persuade people that the ordinary laws of morality and honor are not binding in politics; so that a man sells himself as openly as a piece of meat is sold in the market, and yet supposes that, somehow, he is not dishonored. Again, the same tendency leads him to hold out for a higher price; and he is a zealous reformer until he is offered the sum upon which he has set his heart, and then he becomes rich and despicable at the same moment. This is a familiar truth in politics, and it is this which put the sting into Dr. Johnson's definition of a patriot.

It should not surprise any body, therefore, that we have seen the Tammany Ring buy up certain conspicuous and vociferous reformers. But it would be a great pity that any one should be depressed in consequence, or suppose that virtue has been corrupted. There is just as much honesty as there was before; but the fair face has been torn off dishonesty. That is all. The honest side is all the stronger when its false allies have withdrawn. Tweed's good-natured contempt for principle, which he supposes to be cant and affectation, is, of course, strengthened by such defection; but, on the other hand, they rouse the public to a truer perception of the threatening situation, and confirm the resolution that it shall be changed. It shows, also, that in such movements nothing really counts but character. Knaves will not overthrow knavery. If, therefore, we can not have men of character as representatives of a reform movement, the effort will be futile. To say that we must not look too curiously at motives is to say that we must not look too curiously at a vessel in which we propose to embark. Those who are careless whether they go to the bottom or not may act upon that principle; but sensible men will inspect the vessel.

Besides, defections in one point are not a breach of the whole line. In the contest with Tammany there are two points to gain. They are the legal conviction of the Ring, and its political defeat. Neither of these is seriously affected by the bribery of certain men. And even if the legal conviction be impossible, the political defeat is a more radical remedy of the evil. But a political defeat of the Ring is not merely the election of a Republican Legislature; it is the election of an honest Legislature. There are venal Republicans, as we have all learned to our cost. There are Republican candidates already nominated for the Senate and for the Assembly whom the Ring would very gladly see elected. The duty of every honest man is to vote in such a manner that the honest candidate for the Legislature shall be elected. If both are honest, each honest voter will vote for his party candidate; if not, he will vote against him.

LEGISLATIVE PURITY.

By THURLOW WEED.

WHAT WAS DONE TO PRESERVE THE PURITY OF LEGISLATION IN 1826.

In 1826, Jasper Ward, a Senator from the county of Westchester, was charged with having been bribed to vote for a bank charter. A committee of investigation was appointed. At the conclusion of the investigation several of General Ward's colleagues, believing that the testimony against him did not call for his expulsion, avowed their readiness to sustain him; but they at the same time said to General Ward that their efforts would be wholly unavailing if the chairman of the committee (Silas Wright) should report against him. General Ward, therefore, made a strong appeal to Mr. Wright, his personal and political friend. Mr. Wright, after listening attentively to all the accused Senator could say, remarked that he had carefully examined and weighed the testimony in all its aspects and bearings, anxiously hoping to reach a conclusion in which his sense of public duty would not conflict with his personal feelings. He added that were he sitting as a judge or juror in that case, the testimony would be insufficient to justify a verdict of guilty; but that there was a wide distinction between legislative and judicial proceedings; and that in his judgment the facts and circumstances proven affected the character of the accused so unfavorably as to require the Senate, in vindication of its dignity and purity, to adopt the resolution which he should submit on the following morning, unless General Ward's resignation was received before that order of business was reached. That resolution (which was handed to General Ward), it is scarcely necessary to say, was in favor of his expulsion from the Senate. Nor is it necessary to add that General Ward's resignation will be found recorded on the journal of the Senate.

WHAT WAS NOT DONE TO PRESERVE THE PURITY OF LEGISLATION IN 1868.

In 1868, the charges of bribery and corruption against Abner C. Mattoon, of Oswego, were so rife that a committee of investigation became indispensable. Mr. Hale, of Essex, was its chairman. The testimony, when reported to the Senate, proved unequivocally and overwhelmingly that the accused was shamelessly and rapaciously guilty. This, in effect, if not in express language, was admitted by the committee in their report; and yet no expulsion was recommended by the committee, and no action taken by the Senate. The accused Senator, who sold his vote as often as he could find a purchaser, was permitted to occupy his seat in a now disgraced Senate until the expiration of his term!

The progress of bribery and corruption since 1868 has been fearfully rapid. During the last two years the traffic in votes has been open, shameless, and almost universal. Resolutions calling for the appointment of committees of investigation have been offered and adopted as deliberate *strikes* against wealthy corporations. The Legislature since 1868 has been in the condition of a patient whose stomach is too weak to throw off contents which are diseasing and corrupting the whole body. Every thing, therefore, depends upon the result of the present conflict with flagrant and overshadowing corruption. If honest men enough to expose and punish legislative bribery and municipal robbery are chosen to the next Legislature, we may look for a salutary reform. Otherwise, the cloud which lowers over our plundered city will darken the whole State. The only possible chance of success in this city depends upon the wisdom and patriotism of Republicans. If our political friends, in their organizations and as individual Republicans, seeking nothing for themselves, act cordially with the tax-payers and reform Democrats, enough can be secured to save the city. And while such a course will be magnanimous and creditable, it costs really nothing; for there is not a Republican in the whole city, of ordinary intelligence, who does not know that, as elections have been and are conducted, there is not the ghost of a chance for any one Republican, nominated and running as a Republican candidate, to be elected.

PERSONAL.

The return of Mr. George W. Childs from Europe has been made the subject of many pleasant paragraphs from gentlemen of the press, who know and appreciate not merely his talent as the manager of a powerful journal, but his proverbial and large-hearted generosity. Mr. Childs is one of those exceptional persons who is really in a state of unrest unless doing something to promote the interests and comfort of those about him, or in helping on some scheme of general benevolence. Such men never go unappreciated. During his recent visit abroad Mr. Childs was the recipient of especial courtesies from those in the very front of the intellectual and social life of England, particularly from Mr. John Walter, proprietor of the London *Times*, from the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, and from others equally notable in the literary, social, and scientific world. Yet the heartiest welcome of all was from the editorial profession of his own country on his return, and from the writers and workers on his journal, whose affection and enthusiasm for their chief really know no bounds.

—The Rev. Dr. Thompson, who for a quarter of a century has been known, and honorably known, as pastor of "the Tabernacle" Presbyterian church of this city, and who has won fame not more in the pulpit than in authorship, and who is known as one of the closest students and ripest scholars of the country, has resigned his pastoral charge, from physical inability, and proposes hereafter, in retirement, to devote himself to the study of Egyptology, for which purpose he will soon leave for Germany and Egypt. A pleasant incident in connection with his resignation was the action taken by the trustees of the Tabernacle, who presented him, from the funds of the church and private subscriptions, the sum of $52,000—an instance of personal regard and liberality without a parallel in the history of any church in this country, if not in the world.

—The newspaper men of Chicago have exhibited the proverbial courage and enterprise of their order since the great fire. On the Sunday morning following the calamity Mr. Alfred Cowles, publisher of the *Tribune*, arrived in the city from New York, merry as a lark. When he met Mr. Medill they embraced. "Joe," said Cowles, "how long will it take us to get the town back?" "From five to seven years will, I think, see every thing in order as it was," said Medill. "We shall have $50,000,000 of insurance money; our railways centring here have invested in our fortunes from $300,000,000 to $400,000,000; nature and geography are with us; we have enough brick left to begin a good deal of a city, and we shall have extensions and credit unlimited." This from a man who thinks his firm has lost $800,000!

—John Bright is at last to go through with the ceremonial to which most prominent men have now to submit—accept a testimonial. Mr. Bright is one of the very few politicians of England for whom the people, not the partisans, have a solid and enduring respect. He has always been consistent, manly, patriotic; never ashamed of his business pursuits, and regarding with lofty disdain the pretentious snobs of the nobility, who do discredit to their order, are obstructers of true progress, and, as a general thing, social nuisances.

—The Rev. Dr. M'Cosh, president of Princeton College, following out the idea so strenuously advocated in these columns, has expressed the opinion that the competitive system, applied to the filling of government offices, would not only result in better public servants, but contribute materially to the cause of higher education in schools and colleges.

—General W. B. Thomas, of Philadelphia, is the one supremely fortunate man in the world who owns a steam flouring mill capable of grinding one million five hundred thousand bushels of grain a year, or twelve hundred barrels a day.

—The Hon. Thomas Ewing, who died in Ohio on October 26, at the advanced age of seventy-eight, first entered political life in 1830 as United States Senator from Ohio, and remained in the Senate until 1837. He was a member of President Harrison's cabinet, as Secretary of the Treasury, in 1841. On the accession of President Taylor, in 1849, he took charge of the new Department of the Interior; but in 1850 he again entered the Senate, and remained until 1851, when he retired from active political life. He was a delegate to the "Peace Congress" of 1861, and a delegate to the Philadelphia National Union Convention, but took no part in its proceedings.

—Mr. Robert Fauntleroy died recently in Australia. He is supposed to have been a son of Henry Fauntleroy, a London banker, who was executed in London on the 30th of November, 1824, and was the last man to undergo capital punishment in Great Britain for forgery. His forgeries exceeded in magnitude any that up to that time had been committed in Christendom.

—Mr. William M. Evarts, late Attorney-General of the United States, has recently visited England, where he was the recipient of marked courtesies from the bench and bar. A London paper says that he likes London so well that he is seriously considering the subject of opening a branch law office in that city in connection with his New York firm, adding London to his field of practice.

—It has been said that the trouble between Secretary Fish and Minister Catacazy was the result of some social misunderstanding, together with impertinence in reference to some business claim. There is good reason to suppose that the real cause of Mr. Catacazy's recall was because of his alleged interference at the time the Joint High Commission was considering and framing the treaty, when, it is stated, the Russian minister inspired and procured the publication of articles to operate against the treaty. It is also charged that he betrayed state secrets, which were communicated to him in an official character, and did all in his power to embarrass the efforts for peace between Great Britain and the United States.

—Mr. Jefferson Davis has made Baltimore his residence. A few evenings since he appeared on the stage of Harmonia Hall, in company with Mr. Reverdy Johnson, to listen to Wade Hampton's lecture on the life and character of Robert E. Lee. The lecture was a glowing eulogy of the Confederate chief, in which he was pronounced superior to Napoleon, Wellington, and all other generals of modern times. He asserted that "Lee never had more than 45,000 men, and never lost a battle, and the nearest he ever came to it was at Gettysburg, which was a drawn battle," and much more to the same effect, which was received with applause.

—General Sheridan has greatly endeared himself to the people of Chicago by the courage, common-sense, and simplicity of his conduct during their late ordeal. He did more to restore the public peace, reassure public confidence, and drive from the city the horde of thieves and scoundrels that flocked to it from the East and West than did all other men in authority. He positively refused to proclaim martial law, and never for a moment placed the military power in the city above the civil. He initiated the blowing up of buildings to check the flames, and in many instances carried the powder and set the fuse himself.

—Mr. Charles Nordhoff appears in the *North American Review*, just issued, as the author of an article making suggestions for reform in the government of this city. He thinks this might be accomplished by a charter giving us a mayor elected by the people for a short term, appointing all subordinates, including controller, but for his own term of office only, and being directly responsible for their good conduct; a one-house Legislature of at least a hundred members, who should pass only general laws, and have no administrative or executive functions, but who should hold the purse-strings; and a life judiciary.

—Professor Agassiz professes to be clearly of the opinion that Maine was the first formed land of the New World, that there the solid land first appeared, and there the "Laurentian Hills" stood above the waters, and first showed to the world a rising continent.

—Among all the touching incidents connected with the calamity at Chicago, not one exceeds in sadness that which was related by the Rev. Dr. Thompson, who was in attendance upon the General Convention of the Episcopal Church at Baltimore. On the morning after the fire Dr. Thompson arose and asked the Convention to excuse his further presence at its sessions. Duty called him to Chicago. *Not only his own church and parsonage in that city, but the residences of every member of his parish had been consumed by the fire.* History affords no other instance of a church and every member of it having been rendered houseless and homeless in a single night.

—Mr. Babbage, the eminent mathematician, recently deceased in London at the age of seventy-nine, was the author of "Logarithmic Tables from 1 to 108,000," and other scientific works, nearly all of which were composed and published before he was forty years of age.

—One of those very aged men who connect the past with the present—Mr. James M'Cosh—has just died in Cincinnati, at the age of eighty-three. He came to the place where Cincinnati now stands, with his father, from Scotland in 1795. That city of 275,000 inhabitants has grown up under his very eye. He was the contemporary of the St. Clairs, the Burnets, the Harrisons, and the Longworths.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The cutting out of the schooner *Horton* from a Nova Scotian port is regarded at the Dominion capital as a mere violation of the customs regulations. The Secretary of the Treasury has declined to issue new papers to the schooner until he has received full particulars of the transaction. The London *Times* suggests an impartial commission to settle any international question arising out of the affair.

The Committee of Judges of the United States and State courts in Chicago is preparing a bill to perpetuate titles. The business prospects in that city are looking more and more favorable, and the treasurer reports receipts of money for the sufferers amounting to $1,486,986.

President Grant has appointed Thursday, November 30, as a day of national thanksgiving.

Governor Hoffman has issued a proclamation appointing the 23d day of November as a day of thanksgiving.

Twenty-five hundred women of Utah have petitioned the President in favor of polygamy. The petitioners urge the removal of the federal officials in Utah, whom they accuse of being "intent on the destruction of our honest, happy, industrious, and prosperous people," or, at least, the stopping of the "disgraceful court proceedings."

General Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, died at Nice, France, on the 26th of October. His remains will be brought home by the *Guerriere*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The reorganization of the Russian army just ordered by the Czar, by the creation of a "landwehr" after the Prussian system, virtually brings every man into the military ranks, making the war footing of the army 1,600,000 men and 51,000 officers, exclusive of sixty-six regiments of Cossacks, and a reserve of three-quarters of a million in peace.

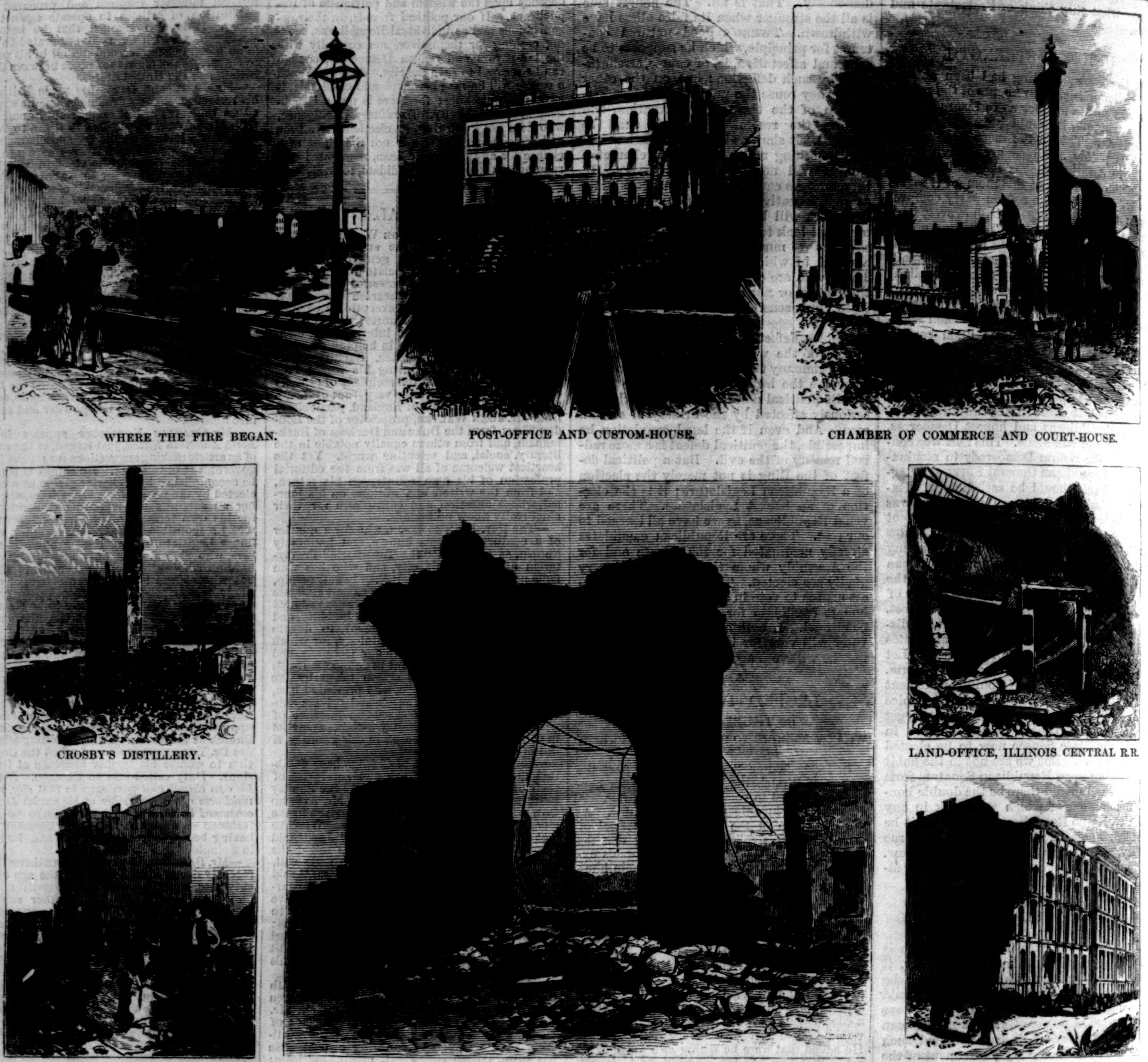
The ex-Emperor Napoleon has declared that the reports from France of a Bonapartist conspiracy and intended descent on the coast are without foundation. Claiming to be the legitimate sovereign of France, he deprecates violence for the restoration of his dynasty, and thinks the French people should settle the government question by a plebiscite.

Sir Roderick L. Murchison, the distinguished President of the Royal Geographical Society of England, died in London October 21, aged seventy-nine years.

The Brazilian Senate has passed the Emancipation bill by a large majority, and the edict is to take effect immediately.

A memorial was recently read in the Spanish Cortes announcing that the cost of the war in Cuba during the past year had been about $62,000,000, and that the colonial deficit for the year would amount to about $11,000,000.

The Pope has agreed to accept the bishops appointed by the King of Italy, but will not acknowledge Döllinger or any of his advocates.



WHERE THE FIRE BEGAN.

POST-OFFICE AND CUSTOM-HOUSE.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AND COURT-HOUSE.

CROSBY'S DISTILLERY.

LAND-OFFICE, ILLINOIS CENTRAL R.R.

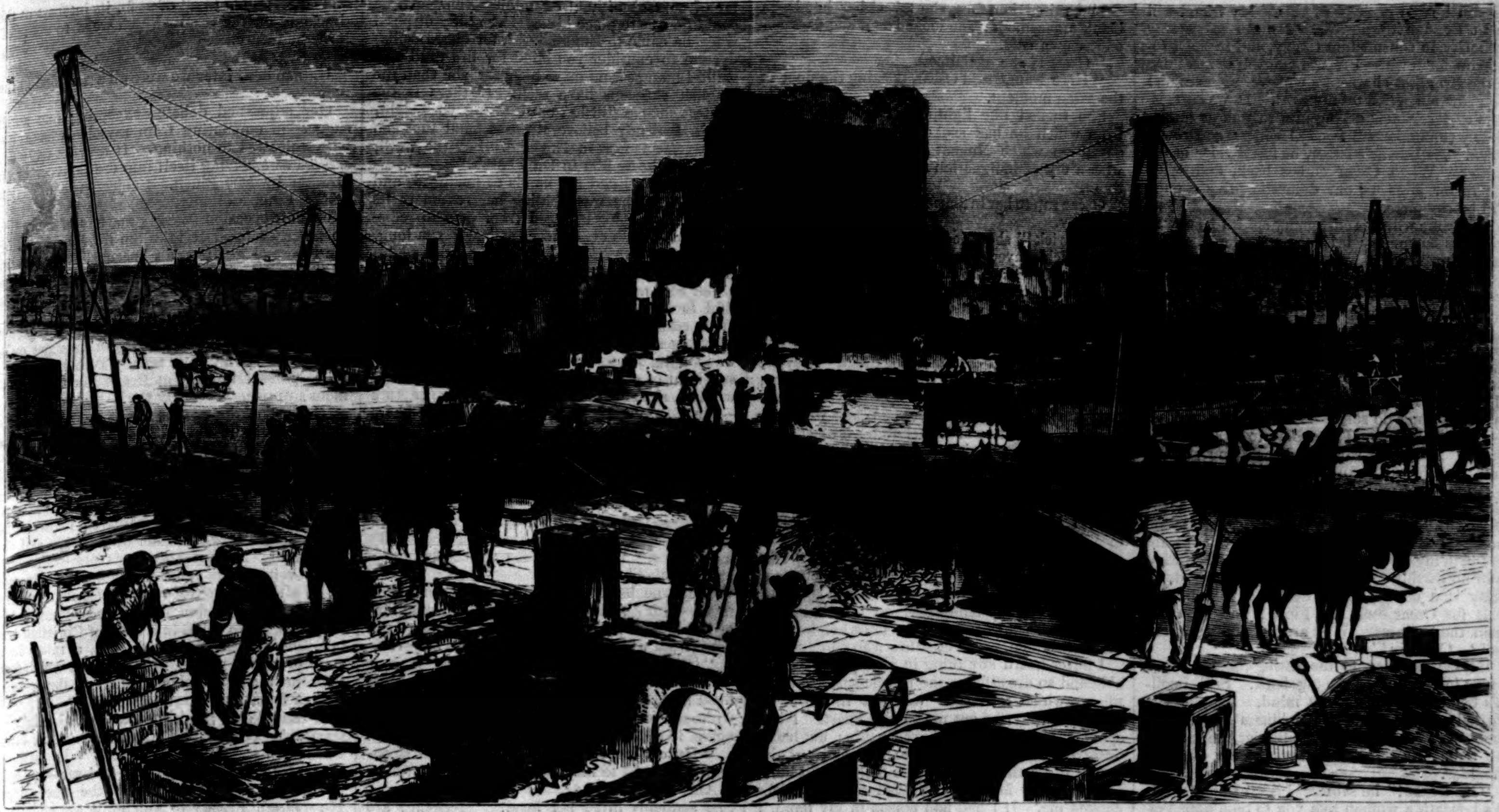
FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

MASONIC TEMPLE, DEARBORN STREET.

REPUBLIC LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

IN THE TRACK OF THE CONFLAGRATION.—Photographed by Thomas T. Sweeney, Cleveland, Ohio.—[See Page 1058.]

THE WEST SIDE RINK, CHICAGO—GENERAL DÉPÔT OF SUPPLIES FOR THE SUFFERERS BY THE FIRE.—From a Sketch by T. R. Davis.—[See Page 1058.]



REBUILDING CHICAGO—VIEW AT THE CORNER OF LAKE AND LA SALLE STREETS, LOOKING TOWARD THE LAKE.
From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 1058.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

HE CROSSES THE RUBICON.

I was still in doubt whether to enter the room or to wait outside until she left Browndown to return to the rectory, when Lucilla's keen sense of hearing decided the question which I had been unable to settle for myself. The door of the room opened, and Oscar advanced into the hall.

"Lucilla insisted that she heard somebody outside," he said. "Who could have guessed it was you? Why did you wait in the hall? Come in! come in!"

He held open the door for me, and I went in. Oscar announced me to Lucilla. "It was Madame Pratolungo you heard," he said. She took no notice either of him or of me. A heap of flowers from Oscar's garden lay in her lap. With the help of her clever fingers she was sorting them to make a nosegay as quickly and as tastefully as if she had possessed the sense of sight. In all my experience of that charming face it had never looked so hard as it looked now. Nobody would have recognized her likeness to the Madonna of Raphael's picture. Offended—mortally offended with me—I saw it at a glance.

"I hope you will forgive my intrusion, Lucilla, when you know my motive," I said, "I have followed you here to make my excuses."

"Oh, don't think of making excuses!" she rejoined, giving three-fourths of her attention to the flowers, and one-fourth to me. "It's a pity you took the trouble of coming here. I quite agree with what you said in the garden. Considering the object I had in view at Browndown, I could not possibly expect you to accompany me. True! quite true!"

I kept my temper. Not that I am a patient woman; not that I possess a meek disposition. Very far from it, I regret to say! Nevertheless, I kept my temper—so far."

"I wish to apologize for what I said in the garden," I resumed. "I spoke thoughtlessly, Lucilla. It is impossible that I could intentionally offend you."

I might as well have spoken to one of the chairs. The whole of her attention became absorbed in the breathless interest of making her nosegay.

"*Was* I offended?" she said, addressing herself to the flowers. "Excessively foolish of me, if I was." She suddenly became conscious of my existence. "You had a perfect right to express your opinion," she said, loftily. "Accept *my* excuses if I appeared to dispute it."

She tossed her pretty head; she showed her brightest color; she tapped her nice little foot briskly on the floor. (Oh, Lucilla! Lucilla!) I still kept my temper. More, by this time (I admit), for Oscar's sake than for her sake. He looked so distressed, poor fellow—so painfully anxious to interfere, without exactly knowing how.

"My dear Lucilla!" he began. "Surely you might answer Madame Pratolungo—"

She petulantly interrupted him with another toss of the head—a little higher than the last.

"I don't attempt to answer Madame Pratolungo! I prefer admitting that Madame Pratolungo may have been quite right. I dare say I am ready to fall in love with the first man who comes my way. I dare say if I had met your brother before I met you I should have fallen in love with *him*. Quite likely!"

"Quite likely—as you say," answered poor Oscar, humbly. "I am sure I think it very lucky for *me* that you didn't meet Nugent first."

She threw her lapful of flowers away from her on the table at which she was sitting. She became perfectly furious with him for taking my side. I permitted myself (the poor child could not see it, remember) the harmless indulgence of a smile.

"You agree with Madame Pratolungo," she said to him, viciously. "Madame Pratolungo thinks your brother a much more agreeable man than you."

Humble Oscar shook his head in melancholy acknowledgment of this self-evident fact. "There can be no two opinions about that," he said, resignedly.

She stamped her foot on the carpet, and raised quite a little cloud of dust. My lungs are occasionally delicate. I permitted myself another harmless indulgence—indulgence in a slight cough. She heard the second indulgence, and suddenly controlled herself the instant it reached her ears. I am afraid she took my cough as my commentary on what was going on.

"Come here, Oscar," she said, with a complete change of tone and manner. "Come and sit down by me."

Oscar obeyed.

"Put your arm round my waist."

Oscar looked at me. Having the use of his sight, he was sensible of the absurd side of the demonstration required of him—in the presence of a third person. *She*, poor soul, strong in her blind insensibility to all shafts of ridicule shot from the eye, cared nothing for the presence of a third person. She repeated her commands, in a tone which said, sharply, "Embrace me—I am not to be trifled with!"

Oscar timidly put his arm round her waist—with an appealing look at me. She issued another command instantly.

"Say you love me."

Oscar hesitated.

"Say you love me!"

Oscar whispered it.

"Out loud!"

Endurance has its limits. I began to lose my temper. She could not have been more superbly indifferent to my presence if there had been a cat in the room instead of a lady.

"Permit me to inform you," I said, "that I have not (as you appear to suppose) left the room."

She took no notice. She went on with her commands, rising irrepressibly from one amatory climax to another.

"Give me a kiss!"

Unhappy Oscar—sacrificed between us—blushed. Stop! Don't revel prematurely in the greatest enjoyment a reader has—namely, catching a writer out in a mistake. I have not forgotten that his disfigured complexion would prevent his blush from showing on the surface. I beg to say I saw it under the surface—saw it in his expression. I repeat, he blushed.

I felt it necessary to assert myself for the second time.

"I have only one object in remaining in the room, Miss Finch. I merely wish to know whether you refuse to accept my excuses."

"Oscar, give me a kiss!"

He still hesitated. She threw her arm round his neck. My duty to myself was plain—my duty was to go.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Dubourg," I said, and turned to the door. She heard me cross the room, and called to me to stop. I paused. There was a glass on the wall opposite to me. On the authority of the glass, I beg to mention that I paused in my most becoming manner. Grace tempered with dignity; dignity tempered with grace.

"Madame Pratolungo!"

"Miss Finch?"

"This is the man who is not half so agreeable as his brother. Look!"

She tightened her hold round his neck, and gave him—ostentatiously gave him—the kiss which he was ashamed to give *her*. I advanced, in contemptuous silence, to the door. My attitude expressed disgust accompanied by sorrow; sorrow accompanied by disgust.

"Madame Pratolungo!"

I made no answer.

"This is the man whom I should never have loved if I had happened to meet his brother first. Look!"

She put both arms round his neck, and gave him a shower of kisses all in one. The door had been imperfectly closed when I had entered the room. It was ajar. I pulled it open—walked out into the hall—and found myself face to face with Nugent Dubourg, standing by the table, with his letter from Liverpool in his hand! He must have certainly heard Lucilla cast my own words back in my teeth—if he had heard no more.

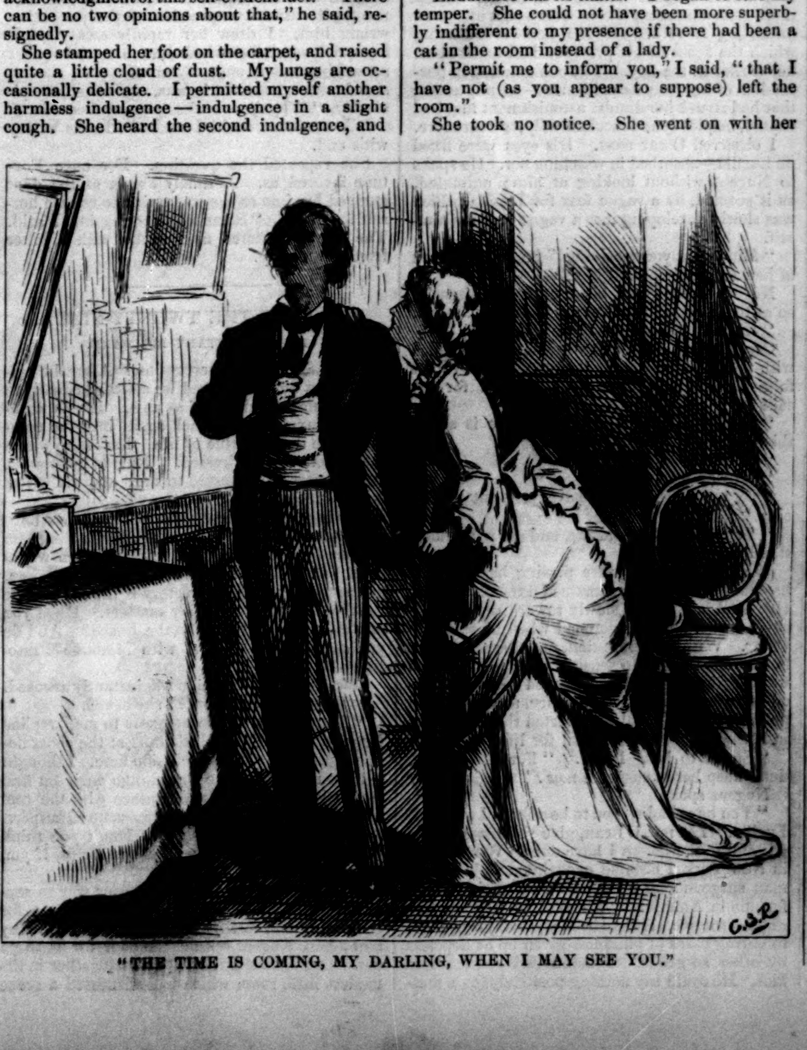
I stopped short; looking at him in silent surprise. He smiled, and held out the open letter to me. Before we could speak we heard the door of the room closed. Oscar had followed me out (shutting the door behind him) to apologize for Lucilla's behavior to me. He explained what had happened to his brother. Nugent nodded, and tapped his open letter smartly. "Leave me to manage it. I shall give you something better to do than quarreling among yourselves. You will hear what it is directly. In the mean time, I have got a message for our friend at the inn. Gootheridge is on his way here to speak to me about altering the stable. Run and tell him I have other business on hand, and I can't keep my appointment to-day. Stop! Give him this at the same time, and ask him to leave it at the rectory."

He took one of his visiting cards out of the case, wrote a few lines on it in pencil, and handed it to his brother. Oscar (always ready to go on errands for Nugent) hurried out to meet the landlord. Nugent turned to me.

"The German is in England," he said. "Now I may open my lips."

"At once!" I exclaimed.

"At once. I have put off my own business



"THE TIME IS COMING, MY DARLING, WHEN I MAY SEE YOU."

(as you heard) in favor of this. My friend will be in London to-morrow. I mean to get my authority to consult him to-day, and to start to-morrow for town. Prepare yourself to meet one of the strangest characters you ever set eyes on! You saw me write on my card. It was a message to Mr. Finch, asking him to join us immediately (on important family business) at Browndown. As Lucilla's father, he has a voice in the matter. When Oscar comes back, and when the rector joins us, our domestic privy council will be complete."

He spoke with his customary spirit; he moved with his customary briskness: he had become quite himself again since I had seen him last.

"I am stagnating in this place," he went on, seeing that I noticed the change in him. "It puts me in spirits again, having something to do. I am not like Oscar; I must have action to stir my blood—action to keep me from fretting over my anxieties. How do you think I found the witness to my brother's innocence at the Trial? In that way. I said to myself, 'I shall go mad if I don't do something.' I did something—and saved Oscar. I am going to do something again. Mark my words! Now I am stirring in it, Lucilla will recover her sight."

"This is a serious matter," I said. "Pray give it serious consideration."

"Consideration?" he repeated. "I hate the word. I always decide on the instant. If I am wrong in my view of Lucilla's case, consideration is of no earthly use. If I am right, every day's delay is a day of sight lost to the blind. I'll wait for Oscar and Mr. Finch; and then I'll open the business. Why are we talking in the hall? Come in!"

He led the way to the sitting-room. I had a new interest now in going back. Still Lucilla's behavior hung on my mind. Suppose she treated me with renewed coldness and keener contempt? I remained standing at the table in the hall. Nugent looked back at me over his shoulder.

"Nonsense!" he said. "I'll set things right. It's beneath a woman like you to take notice of what a girl says in a pet. Come in!"

I doubt if I should have yielded to please any other living man. But, there is no denying it, some people have a magnetic attracting power over others. Nugent had that power over me. Against my own will—for I was really hurt and offended by her usage of me—I went back with him into the room.

Lucilla was still sitting in the place which she had occupied when I withdrew. On hearing the door open, and a man's footsteps entering, she, of course, assumed that the man was Oscar. She had penetrated his object in leaving her to follow me out, and it had not improved her temper.

"Oh!" she said. "You have come back at last? I thought you had offered yourself as Madame Pratolungo's escort to the rectory." She stopped, with a sudden frown. Her quick ears had detected my return into the room. "Oscar!" she exclaimed, "what does this mean? Madame Pratolungo and I have nothing more to say to each other. What has she come back for? Why don't you answer? This is infamous! I shall leave the room!"

The utterance of that final threat was followed so rapidly by its execution that before Nugent (standing between her and the door) could get out of her way she came in violent contact with him. She instantly caught him by the arm, and shook him angrily. "What does your silence mean? Is it at Madame Pratolungo's instigation that you are insulting me?"

I had just opened my lips to make one more attempt at reconciliation, by saying some pacifying words to her, when she planted that last sting in me. French flesh and blood (whatever English flesh and blood might have done) could bear no more. I silently turned my back on her, in a rage.

At the same moment Nugent's eyes brightened as if a new idea had struck him. He gave me one significant look—and answered her in his brother's character. Whether he was possessed at the moment by some demon of mischief, or whether he had the idea of trying to make Oscar's peace for him before Oscar returned, is more than I can say. I ought to have stopped it, I know. But my temper was in a flame. I was as spiteful as a cat and as fierce as a bear. I said to myself (in your English idiom), She wants taking down a peg; quite right, Mr. Nugent; do it. Shocking! shameful! no words are bad enough for me: give it me well. Ah, Heaven! what is a human being in a rage? On my sacred word of honor, nothing but a human beast! The next time it happens to You, look at yourself in the glass, and you will find your soul gone out of you at your face, and nothing left but an animal—and a bad, a villainous bad animal too!

"You ask what my silence means?" said Nugent.

He had only to model his articulation on his brother's slower manner of speaking, as distinguished from his own, to be his brother himself. In saying those few first words he did it so dextrously that I could have sworn—if I had not seen him standing before me—Oscar was in the room.

"Yes," she said, "I ask that."

"I am silent," he answered, "because I am waiting."

"What are you waiting for?"

"To hear you make your apologies to Madame Pratolungo."

She started back a step. Submissive Oscar was taking a peremptory tone with her for the first time in his life. Submissive Oscar, instead of giving her time to speak, sternly went on.

"Madame Pratolungo has made her excuses to *you*. You ought to receive them; you ought to reciprocate them. It is distressing to see you and hear you. You are behaving ungratefully to your best friend."

She raised her face, she raised her hands, in blank amazement: she looked as if she distrusted her own ears.

"Oscar!" she exclaimed.

"Here I am," said Oscar, opening the door at the same moment.

She turned like lightning toward the place from which he had spoken. She detected the deception which Nugent had practiced on her with a cry of indignation that rang through the room.

Oscar ran to her in alarm. She thrust him back violently.

"A trick!" she cried. "A mean, vile, cowardly trick played upon my blindness! Oscar! your brother has been imitating you; your brother has been speaking to me in your voice. And that woman who calls herself my friend—that woman stood by and heard him, and never told me. She encouraged it; she enjoyed it. The wretches! Take me away from them. They are capable of any deceit. She always hated you, dear, from the first—she took up with your brother the moment he came here. When you marry me, it mustn't be at Dimchurch; it must be in some place they don't know of. There is a conspiracy between them against you and against me. Beware of them! beware of them! She said I should have fallen in love with your brother if I had met him first. There is a deeper meaning in that, my love, than you can see. It means that they will part us if they can. Ha! I hear somebody moving! Has he changed places with you? Is it *you* whom I am speaking to now? Oh, my blindness! my blindness! O God! of all your creatures the most helpless, the most miserable, is the creature who can't see."

I never heard any thing in all my life so pitiable and so dreadful as the frantic suspicion and misery which tore their way out from her in those words. She cut me to the heart. I had spoken rashly—I had behaved badly; but had I deserved this? No! no! no! I had *not* deserved it. I threw myself into a chair and burst out crying. My tears scalded me; my sobs choked me. If I had had poison in my hand, I would have drunk it, I was so furious and so wretched; so hurt in my honor, so wounded at my heart.

The only voice that answered her was Nugent's. Reckless what the consequences might be—speaking in his own proper person from the opposite end of the room—he asked the all-important question which no human being had ever put to her yet.

"Are you sure, Lucilla, that you are blind for life?"

A dead silence followed the utterance of those words.

I brushed away the tears from my eyes, and looked up.

Oscar had been—as I supposed—holding her in his arms, silently soothing her, when his brother spoke. At the moment when I saw her she had just detached herself from him. She advanced a step toward the part of the room in which Nugent stood, and stopped, with her face turned toward him. Every faculty in her seemed to be suspended by the silent passage into her mind of the new idea that he had called up. Through childhood, girlhood, womanhood, never once, waking or dreaming, had the prospect of restoration to sight presented itself within her range of contemplation until now. Not a trace was left in her countenance of the indignation which Nugent had roused in her hardly more than a moment since. Not a sign appeared indicating a return of the nervous suffering which the sense of his presence had inflicted on her earlier in the day. The one emotion in possession of her was astonishment—astonishment that had struck her dumb; astonishment that had waited, helplessly and mechanically, to hear more.

I observed Oscar next. His eyes were fixed on Lucilla—absorbed in watching her. He spoke to Nugent without looking at him; animated, as it seemed, by a vague fear for Lucilla, which was slowly developing into a vague fear for himself.

"Mind what you are doing!" he said. "Look at her, Nugent—look at her!"

Nugent approached his brother circuitously, so as to place Oscar between Lucilla and himself.

"Have I offended you?" he asked.

Oscar looked at him in surprise. "Offended with you," he answered, "after what you have forgiven and what you have suffered for my sake?"

"Still," persisted the other, "there is something wrong."

"I am startled, Nugent."

"Startled—by what?"

"By the question you have just put to Lucilla."

"You will understand me, and she will understand me, directly."

While those words were passing between the brothers, my attention remained fixed on Lucilla. Her head had turned slowly toward the new position which Nugent occupied when he spoke to Oscar. With this exception, no other movement had escaped her. No sense of what the two men were saying to each other seemed to have entered her mind. To all appearance, she had heard nothing since Nugent had started the first doubt in her whether she was blind for life.

"Speak to her," I said. "For God's sake, don't keep her in suspense *now!*"

Nugent spoke.

"You have had reason to be offended with me, Lucilla. Let me, if I can, give you reason to be grateful to me before I have done. When I was in New York I became acquainted with a German surgeon who had made a reputation and a fortune in America by his skill in treating diseases of the eye. He had been especially successful in curing cases of blindness given up as hopeless by other surgeons. I mentioned your case to him. He could say nothing positively (as a matter of course) without examining you. All he could do was to place his services at my disposal when he came to England. I, for one, Lucilla, decline to consider you blind for life until this skillful man sees no more hope for you than the English surgeons have seen. If there is the faintest chance still left of restoring your sight, his is, I firmly believe, the one hand that can do it. He is now in England. Say the word, and I will bring him to Dimchurch."

She slowly lifted her hands to her head, and held it as if she was holding her reason in its place. Her color changed from pale to red—from red to pale once more. She drew a long, deep, heavy breath, and dropped her hands again, recovering from the shock. The change that followed held us all three breathless. It was beautiful to see her. It was awful to see her. A mute ecstasy of hope transfigured her face; a heavenly smile played serenely on her lips. She was among us, and yet apart from us. In the still light of evening, shining in on her from the window, she stood absorbed in her own rapture—the silent creature of another sphere! There was a moment when she overcame me with admiration, and another moment when she overcame me with fear. Both the men felt it. Both signed to me to speak to her first.

I advanced a few steps. I tried to consider with myself what I should say. It was useless. I could neither think nor speak. I could only look at her. I could only say, nervously,

"Lucilla!"

She came back to the world—she came back to *us*—with a little start, and a faint flush of color in her cheeks. She turned herself toward the place from which I had spoken, and whispered,

"Come!"

In a moment my arms were round her. Her head sank on my bosom. We were reconciled without a word. We were friends again, sisters again, in an instant.

"Have I been fainting? have I been sleeping?" she said to me, in faint, bewildered tones. "Am I just awake? Is this Browndown?" She suddenly lifted her head. "Nugent! are you there?"

"Yes."

She gently withdrew herself from me, and approached Nugent.

"Did you speak to me just now? Was it you who put the doubt into my mind whether I am really doomed to be blind for life? Surely I have not fancied it? Surely you said the man was coming, and the time coming?" Her voice suddenly rose. "The man who may cure me! the time when I may see!"

"I said it, Lucilla. I meant it, Lucilla!"

"Oscar! Oscar!! Oscar!!!"

I stepped forward to lead her to him. Nugent touched me, and pointed to Oscar, as I took her hand. He was standing before the glass, with an expression of despair which I see again while I write these lines—he was standing close to the glass, looking in silence at the hideous reflection of his face. In sheer pity, I hesitated to take her to him. She stepped forward, and, stretching out her hand, touched his shoulder. The reflection of *her* charming face appeared above *his* face in the glass. She bent gayly over, with both hands on him, and said, "The time is coming, my darling, when I may see You!"

With a cry of joy, she drew his face up to her and kissed him on the forehead. His head fell on his breast when she released it: he covered his face with his hands, and stifled, for the moment, all outward expression of the pang that wrung him. I drew her rapidly away, before her quick sensibilities had time to warn her that something was wrong. Even as it was, she resisted me. Even as it was, she asked, suspiciously, "Why do you take me away from him?"

What excuse could I make? I was at my wit's end.

She repeated the question. For once Fortune favored us. A timely knock at the door stopped her just as she was trying to release herself from me. "Somebody coming in," I said. The servant entered as I spoke with a letter from the rectory.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.

OH, the welcome interruption! After the agitation that we had suffered we all stood equally in need of some such relief as this. It was absolutely a luxury to fall back again into the commonplace daily routine of life. I asked to whom the letter was addressed. Nugent answered, "The letter is addressed to me; and the writer is Mr. Finch."

Having read the letter, he turned to Lucilla.

"I sent a message to your father, asking him to join us here," he said. "Mr. Finch writes back to say that his duties keep him at home, and to suggest that the rectory is the fitter place for the discussion of family matters. Have you any objection to return to the house? And do you mind going on first with Madame Pratolungo?"

Lucilla's quick suspicion was instantly aroused.

"Why not with Oscar?" she asked.

"Your father's note suggests to me," replied Nugent, "that he is a little hurt at the short notice I gave him of our discussion here. I thought—if you and Madame Pratolungo went on first—that you might make our peace with the rector, and assure him that we meant no disrespect, before Oscar and I appeared. Don't you think yourself you would make it easier for *us*, if you did that?"

Having contrived in this dextrous way to separate Oscar and Lucilla, and to gain time for composing and fortifying his brother before they met again, Nugent opened the door for us to go out. Lucilla and I left the twins together in the modest little room which had witnessed a scene alike memorable to all of us for its interest at the time, and for the results which were to come of it in the future.

Half an hour later we were all assembled at the rectory.

Our adjourned debate—excepting one small suggestion emanating from myself—was a debate which led to nothing. It may be truly described as resolving itself into the delivery of an Oration by Mr. Finch. Subject, the assertion of Mr. Finch's dignity.

On this occasion (having matters of more importance on hand) I take the liberty of cutting the reverend gentleman's speech by the pattern of the reverend gentleman's stature. Short in figure, the rector shall be here, for the first time in his life, short in language too.

Reverend Finch rose and said—he objected to every thing. To receiving a message on a card instead of a proper note. To being expected to present himself at Browndown at a moment's notice. To being the last person informed (instead of the first) of Mr. Nugent Dubourg's exaggerated and absurd view of the case of his afflicted child. To the German surgeon, as being certainly a foreigner and a stranger, and possibly a quack. To the slur implied on British Surgery by bringing the foreigner to Dimchurch. To the expense involved in the same proceeding. Finally, to the whole scope and object of Mr. Nugent Dubourg's proposal, which had for its origin rebellion against the decrees of an all-wise Providence, and for its result the disturbance of his daughter's mind—"under My influence, Sir, a mind in a state of Christian resignation: under Your influence, a mind in a state of infidel revolt." With those concluding remarks, the reverend gentleman sat down—and paused for a reply.

A remarkable result followed, which might be profitably permitted to take place in some other Parliaments. Nobody replied.

Mr. Nugent Dubourg rose—no! sat—and said he declined to take any part in the proceedings. He was quite ready to wait until the end justified the means which he proposed to employ. For the rest, his conscience was at ease; and he was entirely at Miss Finch's service. (Memorandum in parenthesis: Mr. Finch might not have got off so easily as this but for one circumstance. I have already mentioned it as part of the strange constraint which Lucilla innocently imposed on Nugent that her father could always talk him down in her presence. She was present on this occasion. And Reverend Finch reaped the benefit.)

Mr. Oscar Dubourg, sitting hidden from notice behind his brother, followed his brother's example. The decision in the matter under discussion rested with Miss Finch alone. He had no opinion of his own to offer on it.

Miss Finch herself, appealed to next: Had but one reply to give. If her whole fortune was involved in testing her chance of recovering her sight, she would cheerfully sacrifice her whole fortune to that one object. With all possible respect for her father, she ventured to think that neither he nor any one possessing the sense of vision could quite enter into her feelings as the circumstances then were. She entreated Mr. Nugent Dubourg not to lose one unnecessary moment in bringing the German surgeon to Dimchurch.

Mrs. Finch, called upon next. Spoke after some little delay, caused by the loss of her pocket handkerchief. Would not presume to differ in opinion with her husband, whom she had never yet known to be otherwise than perfectly right about every thing. But, if the German surgeon *did* come, and if Mr. Finch saw no objection to it, she would much like to consult him (gratis, if possible) on the subject of "baby's eyes." Mrs. Finch was proceeding to explain that there was happily nothing the matter, that she could see, with the infant's eyes at that particular moment, and that she merely wished to take a skilled medical opinion, in the event of something happening on some future occasion, when she was called to order by Mr. Finch. The reverend gentleman, at the same time, appealed to Madame Pratolungo to close the debate by giving frank expression to her own opinion.

Madame Pratolungo, speaking in conclusion, remarked:

That the question of consulting the German surgeon appeared (after what had fallen from Miss Finch) to be a question which had passed beyond the range of any expression of feeling on the part of other persons. That she proposed, accordingly, to look beyond the consultation at the results which might follow it. That, contemplating these possible results, she held very strong views of her own, and would proceed to give frank expression to them as follows. That, in her opinion, the proposed investigation of the chances which might exist of restoring Miss Finch's sight involved consequences far too serious to be trusted to the decision of any one man, no matter how skillful or how famous he might be. That, in pursuance of this view, she begged to suggest (1) the association of an eminent English oculist with the eminent German oculist; (2) an examination of Miss Finch's case by both the professional gentlemen, consulting on it together; and (3) a full statement of the opinions at which they might respectively arrive to be laid before the meeting now assembled, and to become the subject of a renewed discussion, before any decisive measures were taken. Lastly, that this proposal be now submitted in the form of a resolution, and forthwith (if necessary) put to the vote.

Resolution, as above, put to the vote.

Majority—Ayes.

Miss Finch.
Mr. Nugent Dubourg.
Mr. Oscar Dubourg.
Madame Pratolungo.

Minority—Noes.
No (on the score of expense), Mr. Finch.
No (because Mr. F. says No), Mrs. Finch.

Resolution carried by a majority of two. Debate adjourned to a day to be hereafter decided on.

By the first train the next morning Nugent Dubourg started for London.

At luncheon, the same day, a telegram arrived reporting his proceedings in the following terms:

"I have seen my friend. He is at our service. He is also quite willing to consult with any English oculist whom we may choose. I am just off to find the man. Expect a second telegram later in the day."

The second telegram reached us in the evening, and ran thus:

"Every thing is settled. The German oculist and the English oculist leave London with me by the twelve-forty train to-morrow afternoon."

After reading this telegram to Lucilla I sent it to Oscar at Browndown. Judge for yourself how *he* slept, and how *we* slept, that night!

PRISONERS OF NATURE.

The more a fact varies from the ordinary laws of nature, the more it merits the attention of the philosopher and amateur. When once sufficiently confirmed, however contrary it may be to prevailing opinions, it is entitled to a place in the ranks of knowledge. The most obstinate skepticism can not destroy its certainty, and can only afford a proof of the presumption which leads us to deny whatever we are incompetent to explain. The following phenomena are of this kind. They are such as have occurred in the course of reading, and have been collected in the hope that some one, whose studies may have been directed to such objects, will enlarge the list. The more they are multiplied, the greater light will probably be thrown upon them, and it will perhaps one day be a matter of surprise that we have been so long ignorant of their cause. These phenomena are instances of living animals being found inclosed in solid bodies.

The first case on record occurred in 1683, when M. Blondel reported to the Academy that at Toulon oysters fit to eat were frequently found inclosed in pieces of stone. Two years later M. De Cassini mentions a similar fact, on the authority of M. Duraffe, embassador at the Porte, who assured him that stones were frequently found there in which were inclosed little animals called dactyles. Some workmen in a quarry at Boursire, in Gotha, having detached a large piece of stone from the mass, found, on breaking it, a live toad. They were desirous of separating the part that bore the shape of the animal, but it crumbled into sand. The toad was of a dark gray, its back a little speckled; the color of its belly was brighter. Its eyes, small and round, emitted fire from beneath a tender membrane which covered them; they were of the color of pale gold. When touched on the head with a stick it closed its eyes, as if asleep, and gradually opened them again when the stick was taken away. It was incapable of any other motion. The aperture of the mouth was closed by means of a yellowish membrane. Upon pressing it on the back, it discharged some clear water and died. Under the membrane which covered the mouth were found, both in the upper and lower jaw, two sharp teeth, which were stained with a little blood. How long it had been inclosed in this stone, is a question that can not be solved.

In 1764 some workmen employed in a quarry in Lorraine informed M. Grignon that they had found a toad in a mass of stone forty-five feet below the surface of the earth. This eminent naturalist went immediately to the spot, but could not perceive, as he assures us in his treatise on the fabrication of iron, any vestige of the prison of this animal. A small cavity was visible in the stone, but it bore no impression of the body of the toad. The creature that was shown him was of moderate size, of a gray color, and seemed to be in its natural state. The men informed M. Grignon that this was the sixth that had been found in these mines within the space of thirty years. M. Grignon considered the circumstance as worthy of more particular attention, and promised a reward to any person who should find him another instance of a toad so inclosed in a stone that it had no means of getting out. Six years after a toad was brought to him inclosed in two hollow shells of stone, in which it was said to have been found; but on examining it closely, M. Grignon perceived that the cavity bore the impression of a shell-fish, and consequently concluded it to be apocryphal.

In the trunk of an elm, about the size of a man's body, three or four feet above the root, and exactly in the centre, was found, in 1719, a live toad, of a moderate size, but rather thin, and occupying but a very small space. As soon as the wood was cut it came out, and skipped away very alertly. No tree could be more sound, and no place could be discovered through which it was possible for the animal to have penetrated. This led the recorder of the fact to suppose that the spawn from which it originated must, by some unaccountable accident, have been in the tree from the very first moment of its vegetation. The toad had lived in the tree without air, and, what is still more surprising, had subsisted on the substance of the wood, and had grown in proportion as the tree had grown.

Another instance may be cited, which is related in a letter dated 1780, and written from the neighborhood of St. Mascent. The writer states that, a few days previously, he ordered an oak-tree of a tolerable size to be cut down and converted into a beam that was wanted for a building which he was then constructing. Having separated the head from the trunk, three men were employed in squaring it to the proper size. About four inches were to be cut away on each side. The writer was present during the transaction. Great was his astonishment when he saw them throw aside their tools, start back from the tree, and fix their eyes on the same point with a kind of amazement and terror. He instantly approached, and looked at the part of the tree which had fixed their attention. His surprise equaled theirs on seeing a toad, about the size of a hen's egg, incrusted in a manner in the tree at the distance of four inches from the centre, and fifteen from the root. It was cut and mangled by the axe, but still moved. He drew it with difficulty from its abode, or rather prison, which it filled so completely that it seemed to have been compressed. He placed it on the grass; it appeared old, thin, languishing, decrepit. He afterward examined the tree with the greatest care, to discover how it had glided in; but the tree was perfectly whole and sound.

These facts, but particularly the paper of M. Guettard, induced M. Herissan to make experiments calculated to ascertain their certainty. In February, 1771, he inclosed three live toads in as many cases of plaster, and shut them up in a deal box, which he also covered with a thick coating of plaster. In April, 1774, having removed the plaster, he opened the box and found the cases whole. On breaking the cases, he discovered that two of the toads were alive, but that the third had died, a martyr to scientific investigation. The defunct toad was larger than the others, and had been more compressed in its case. A careful examination of this experiment convinced those who had witnessed it that the animals were so inclosed that they could have no possible communication with the external air, and must have existed during this lapse of time without the least nourishment. The Academy prevailed on M. Herissan to repeat the experiment. He inclosed again the two surviving toads, and placed the box in the hands of the secretary, that the Academy might open it whenever they should think proper. But this celebrated naturalist was too deeply interested in the subject to be satisfied with a single experiment: he made, therefore, the two following. First, in April of the same year he placed two live toads in a basin of plaster, which he covered with a plate of glass, that he might observe them frequently. In the following month he presented this apparatus to the Academy. One of the toads was still living; the other had given up the ghost on the preceding night. Secondly, on the same date as the first, he inclosed another toad in a glass bottle, which he buried in sand, that it might have no communication with the external air. This animal, which he presented to the Academy at the same time as the other, was perfectly well, and even croaked whenever the bottle in which it was confined was shaken.

But toads are not the only animals which have the power of living for a considerable time without nourishment and communication with the external air. Two living worms were found in Spain in the middle of a block of marble which a sculptor was carving into a lion for the royal family. These worms occupied two small cavities, to which there was no inlet that could possibly admit the air. They subsisted, probably, on the marble, as they were of the same color. This fact was verified by Captain Ulloa, a famous Spaniard, who accompanied the French Academicians in their voyage to Peru for the purpose of ascertaining the figure of the earth. A beetle of the species called Capricorn was found in a piece of wood in the hold of a ship at Plymouth, which had no external mark of any aperture. We read in the *Affiches de Provence*, June, 1772, that an adder was found alive in the centre of a block of marble thirty feet in diameter. It was folded nine times round in a spiral line; it was incapable of supporting air, and died a few minutes after. Upon examining the stone, not the smallest trace was to be found by which it could have glided in or received air.

If it is a difficult question to say how animals live in such a state of captivity, it is equally difficult to account for their getting into durance vile. Various theories have been advanced, but none of them so satisfactory but that savants have still to discover the mystery connected with these Prisoners of Nature.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The British committee in charge of the arrangements for observations of the eclipse of 1871 have invited several American savants to accompany the party at the expense of the British government; among them Professor Young, of Dartmouth College. Professor Zöllner, so well known for his discoveries in regard to the physical constitution of the sun, has also been asked to join the expedition.

The Royal Society of Victoria is moving also in the same direction, as the eclipse will be total over a zone about eighty miles wide, passing across the peninsula of Cape York, the Gulf of Carpentaria, and Arnheim's Land, to the north of Port Darwin. For the purpose of enabling scientific men in the Australian colonies to observe the phenomenon, the Royal Society of Victoria proposes to charter a commodious and powerful steamer to carry a party to Cape Sidmouth, or such other point within the limits of totality as may be found most suitable. It is not proposed that the party shall be limited to members of the Royal Society, but that it shall be open to the public generally in that and the other colonies. To secure, however, that no ineligible persons are admitted to the party, the names of all who are desirous to join must be submitted to the committee appointed for the purpose by the Royal Society. Communications have already been made to the neighboring colonies, and many favorable answers have been received. It will be necessary for the expedition to start not later than the last week in November, and it will occupy about three weeks. If possible, arrangements will be made to visit Feejee on the return voyage.

The Academy of Sciences of Paris has lately elected M. Belgrand to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Professor A. Dumeril, the eminent naturalist, whose decease we announced some time ago.

We regret to hear of the death of Mr. Robert Russel, a Scottish meteorologist of eminence, and one who during a visit to this country some years ago made many friends. A farmer by birth and training, his whole life was occupied with his profession, and especially in its connection with meteorological phenomena. He published numerous papers on the subjects of his investigations, and his work upon the climate and agriculture of North America, printed after his return from the United States, has been considered of much value.

It would appear that the proposed French expedition to the north pole, by way of Behring Straits, initiated by Mr. Gustave Lambert, has not been abandoned in consequence of the death of that gentleman. The enterprise has been taken up by the Geographical Society of Paris, and a vessel, *The Boreal*, is, it is said, at Havre, now ready to start. A Mr. Lambert will, after all, have charge of the expedition.

Captain John M. Dow, the popular commander of one of the steamers of the Panama Railroad Company, has recently sent to the Zoological Society of London two living frigate-pelicans, almost the first ever seen alive in Europe. Captain Dow is well known for his love of natural history, and his zeal not only in making collections himself for various museums, but also for the important help he has been enabled to render to travelers in Central America.

Few geographical researches of modern times have been more interesting than those carried on in Madagascar by M. A. Grandidier, whether we consider our previous ignorance of the region in question or the number of striking and important scientific novelties brought to light. We have already referred to the return of this gentleman from his third expedition, the first having been commenced in 1865. On this occasion he attempted to reach the heart of the island, but in vain; and in the following year he explored the southern region, but did not reach the mountains. In 1869–70, however, he traversed the entire breadth of the island three times, from west to east, through its whole extent, making various lateral excursions to interesting points, and visiting the peak of the mountain Ankaararatre, the highest summit in Madagascar. According to the report just presented by M. Grandidier to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, Madagascar comprises two distinct regions—the northern, which is mountainous, and that to the south and east, which is flat. He ascertained that there are five chains of mountains, which have generally the same direction—namely, from northeast to southwest. These are separated by sandy and arid plains, intersected by shallow ravines. After crossing the fourth chain a region is reached of which the general level is from 1000 to 1200 meters in height, extending to the Indian Ocean, a vast sea of mountains, with no level lands except a few small valleys used for the cultivation of rice.

The eastern coast is intersected at almost every step with rivers and torrents; and the northwestern provinces pour into the sea a large number of important rivers. On the southern and western regions, however, the case is quite different, there being distances of fifty leagues without the smallest brook. The reputation possessed by Madagascar for luxuriant vegetation and fertile soil, according to M. Grandidier, is by no means merited, its provinces being neither rich nor productive. The secondary plains are sterile, and the population is confined to the immediate banks of the water-courses. The entire mass of the granitic mountains, situated to the west of the eastern slope, is naked and arid, and there is no vegetation excepting here and there little bunches, growing in the ravines. In the opposite direction, however, there is some degree of fertility; and there is a line of forests extending from north to south, which connect with those of the west, forming around the island a narrow girdle, including a dry and desert region in its centre.

M. Grandidier made numerous astronomical, meteorological, and magnetical observations. He also studied closely the ethnology of the inhabitants, having taken a great many measurements upon the living body, and having collected notes of the habits, language, and traditions of the people. His natural history collections embrace over fifty new species of vertebrates, together with numerous insects and plants. Large numbers of alcoholic specimens were also gathered, for the purpose of further investigation into the anatomy and structure of the entire animal.

Few establishments devoted to geographical research are more industrious in fulfilling their mission than the Imperial Russian Geographical Society of St. Petersburg, as shown by the bulletins of progress published monthly by its secretary. Among other enterprises recently enumerated as now under prosecution are, first, the ethnographical researches of Kusnerow in the northwestern portion of the Russian Empire; second, investigations of the regions along the southern and southwestern bank of Lake Onega; third, geological investigations in Finland and Sweden; fourth, investigations into the production of grain, and the grain trade of Russia in the interior provinces of the country; fifth, an ethnographical expedition into the region of the Southern Ussuri; sixth, an expedition among the Tschuchchis; seventh, a scientific expedition along the Angara, for the purpose of investigating the water-falls of this river; eighth, a number of miscellaneous enterprises of less moment; and, finally, the important journey of Count Micklucho Maclay, to which we have referred in a previous article. This, as already stated, has for its object the investigation of the islands of the Pacific Ocean; and the latest advices were received from Valparaiso on the 30th of May last. The corvette *Witjas*, carrying the party, was then on its way to New Guinea, which they hoped to reach within three months. The occasion of a brief halt of the vessel at Valparaiso was taken to visit Santiago, and thence the northern portion of the province of Aconcagua, this being a mountain 6834 meters in height, and considered for a long time to be volcanic, but, as was ascertained by the investigations of Piscis, having no volcanic peculiarities whatever.

The authority of Hendrik Hudson's journal is cited to prove the former existence of salmon in the Hudson River, and as an argument in favor of the feasibility of stocking its waters with this fish. Mr. J. Carson Brevoort, of Brooklyn, a gentleman of great research in such matters, maintains, however, that the fish referred to by Hudson is really the weak-fish, or squeteague (*Otolithus regalis*), as it was taken in large numbers by this early voyager in the middle of September, in seines, somewhere in the lower part of the bay, and at a time when and place where no true salmon could be thus captured. An inexperienced observer might very easily call a weak-fish a salmon; the general resemblance being so close that the name of salmon-trout is, even now, generally applied to the Southern variety of the weak-fish. The pike-perch, or wall-eyed perch (*Lucioperca americana*), is also called salmon in the Susquehanna River, with much less resemblance to the genuine article than the weak-fish.

The sum of $1200 has been subscribed for the purpose of stocking the Lehigh River with black bass, and a committee, composed of gentlemen from Allentown and Bethlehem, has proceeded to the Potomac to procure the fish. Although large numbers of black bass have already been placed in the Delaware River, it is thought best to supply its tributaries as well.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Give me a pound of oysters," said a man to an oyster vendor who was going by. "I sell by measure, not by weight," said the oysterman. "Then give me a yard of them," said the man. The oysterman shook his head dubiously and passed on.

What kind of a drum is that which is always best when it can not be beaten?—A conundrum.

Some ingenious Yank has invented a process by which maple-sugar can be made out of common New Orleans molasses, flavoring it by steaming maple-wood. The next thing we are looking for is a process whereby they will make honey from cod-liver oil, flavoring it with bees-wax.

A Frenchman said of Shakspeare, "Ven you find any zing you no understan', it is always somezing fine."

Hail a street-car in bad weather, and it will stop to aid you; but hail a friend in your adversity, and see what notice he will take of you.

A writer on school discipline says, "Without a liberal use of the rod it is impossible to make a boy smart."

A jolly Jack tar, having strayed into a show at a fair to have a look at the wild beasts, was much struck with the sight of a lion and a tiger in the same den. "Why, Jack," said he to a messmate, who was chewing a quid in silence, "I shouldn't wonder if next year they were to carry about a sailor and a marine living peaceably together!" "Ay," said his married companion, "or a man and his wife!"

A Vein Pursuit—Mining.

"A lady was lately hugged to death in Minnesota"—another illustration of the "power of the press."

Rev. Dr. —— goes in for elegance of paraphrase. In ringing the changes upon "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," he did a fine thing last Sunday. "He that is accessible to auricular vibration, let him not close the gates of his tympani," said the doctor.

"I always sing to please myself," said a gentleman who was humming a tune in company. "Then you are not at all difficult to please," said a lady who sat next to him.

A Sad Dog—One who tarries long at his whine.

A certain attorney, who was remarkable for coming into court with dirty hands, observed "that he had been turning over Coke." "Coke!" exclaimed a waggish brother: "I should think it was coal, by the looks of your hands."

George Sand has written a new novel, entitled the "Rolling Stone." It is Sand's Stone.

In one of his plays Addison makes an undertaker upbraid a mute who had laughed at a funeral: "You rascal, you, I have been raising your wages for the last two years on condition that you appear more sorrowful; and the higher wages you receive, the happier you look."

A Hearty Gentleman—Sir Loin.

A Positive Gentleman—Cer-tain.

A Suspicious Gentleman—Sur-mise.

A Cowardly Gentleman—Sur-render.

We commend the following prescription to all who are afflicted with this disease:

"Pray, doctor, give me, if you please,
Some medicine for my disease:
My health and courage are all gone,
And I am weak and feeble grown."

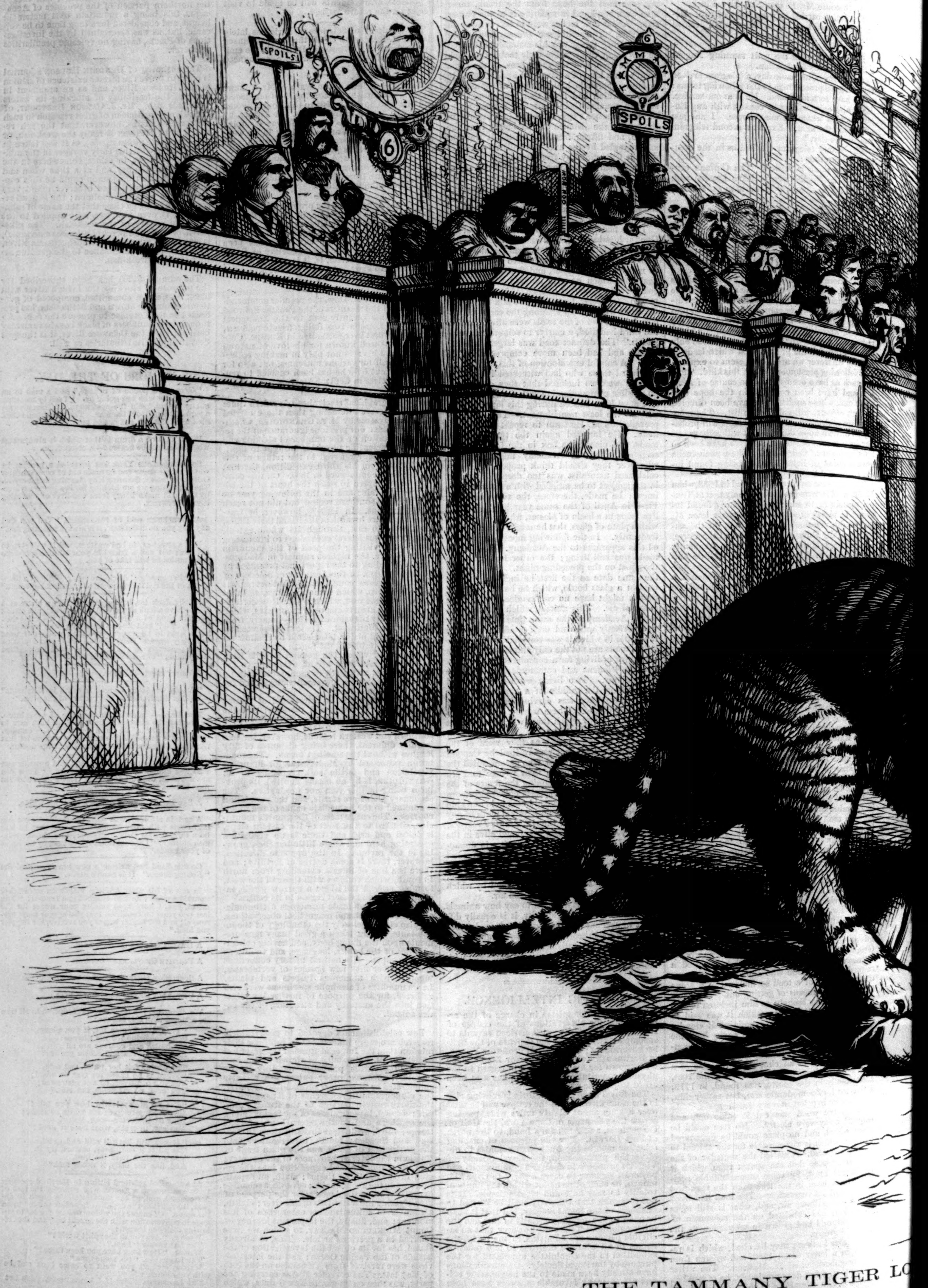
The doctor felt her pulse, and said,
"There is no cause for fear or dread;
You've no disease, be not distressed;
You need no medicine, but rest."

"I've no disease! why, how you talk!
Just see my tongue; it's white as chalk;
Look at it, doctor—look, indeed—
And say, in truth, what does it need?"

"If you will keep it still and quiet,
'Tis all it needs; pray, madam, try it.
You overtask it at the best,
And, like the body, it needs rest."

At a so-called spiritual sitting in Hartford recently there was present a woman who mourned the loss of her consort, and, as the manifestations began to appear, the spirit of the departed Benedick entered upon the scene. Of course the widow was now eager to engage in conversation with the absent one, and the following dialogue ensued:

Widow. "Are you in the spirit world?"
The Lamented. "I am."
Widow. "How long have you been there?"
The Lamented. "Oh, some time."
Widow. "Don't you want to come back and be with your lonely wife?"
The Lamented. "Not if I know myself. It's hot enough around here!"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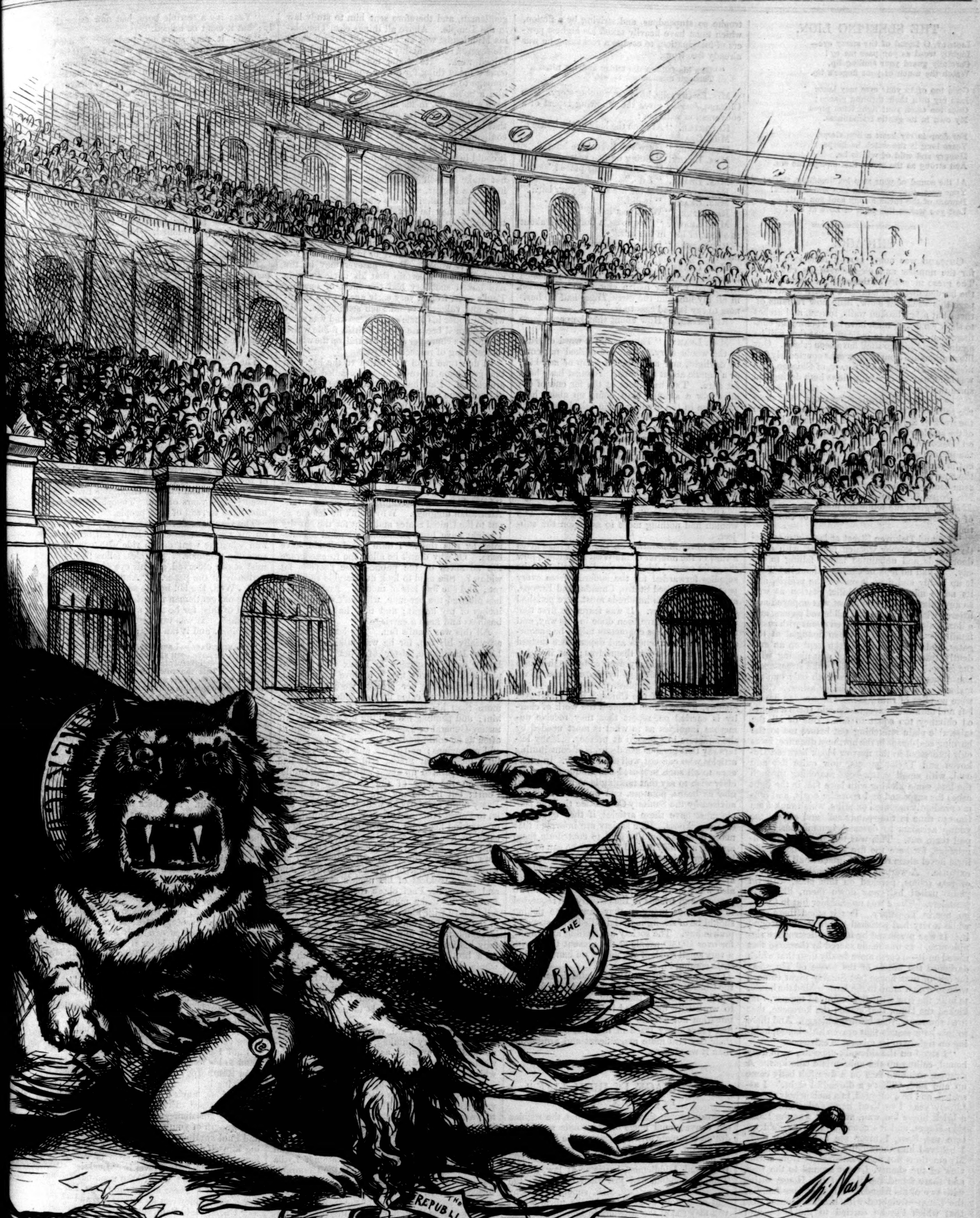

THE BALLOT
THE REPUBLIC
LAW
POWER
Th. Nast

"What are you going to do about it?"

THE SLEEPING LION.

Lightly, O friend of the starry eye—
Lightly tread as you pass me by!
Carefully guard your smiling lip,
Watch the touch of your finger's tip.

Once too often your eyes may lance
Into my own their thrilling glance;
Once too often your light hand press
My own in its gentle friendliness.

For deep in my heart a lion sleeps,
Years long is the watch he keeps,
Hungry and wild of will is he,
And strong as the storm that sweeps the sea.

At the sound of your step he, dreaming, starts;
Your eyes—they smite him like jeweled darts!
Beware of the spells on my soul you cast,
Lest you waken this Lion of Love at last!

CHICAGO.

Chicago was noted among American cities for the number and elegance of its churches. The great majority of these edifices were within the burned districts, and, as a glance at our first page this week will show, little now remains of them but a few broken walls, towers, and arches to show what they must have been before the conflagration, and also to indicate what they will be again when Chicago shall have been rebuilt. Our illustrations are from photographs courteously furnished by Mr. Thomas T. Shaw, of Chicago, who was indefatigable in taking views both during and since the fire.

The smaller illustrations on page 1052 show the ruins of a number of prominent buildings in the track of the fire. One of them shows the site of the stable where the conflagration was kindled, on Dekoven Street, West Side. There, where the picture was taken, but too small to be apparent in the sketch, were still lying the remains of the cow whose vicious kick upset the fatal kerosene lamp which occasioned all the mischief. Mr. John Hay, in a letter to the New York *Tribune*, gives the following interesting account of the aspect of this locality a day or two after the fire:

"I found Dekoven Street at last—a mean little street of shabby wooden houses, with dirty door-yards and unpainted fences falling to decay. It had no look of Chicago about it. Take it up bodily and drop it out on the prairie, and its name might be Lickskillet Station as well as any thing else. The street was unpaved and littered with old boxes and mildewed papers, and a dozen absurd geese wandered about with rustic familiarity. Slatternly women lounged at the gates, and bare-legged children kept up an evidently traditional warfare of skirmishing with the geese. On the south side of the street not a house was touched. On the north only one remained. All the rest were simply ashes. There were no piles of ruin here. The wooden hovels left no landmarks except here and there a stunted chimney too squat to fall. But of all the miserable plain stretching out before me to the burning coal-heaps in the northern distance, I was only interested in the narrow block between Dekoven and Taylor streets, now quite flat and cool, with small gutter-boys marching through the lots, some kicking with bare feet in the light ashes for suspected and sporadic coals, and others prudently mounted on stilts, which sunk from time to time in the spongy soil, and caused the young acrobats to descend ignominiously and pull them out. This was the Mecca of my pilgrimage, for here the fire began. One squalid little hovel alone remained intact in all that vast expanse. A warped and weather-beaten shanty of two rooms, perched on thin piles, with tin plates nailed half-way down them, like dirty pantalets. There was no shabbier hut in Chicago, nor in Tipperary. But it stood there safe, while a city had perished before it and around it. It was preserved by its own destructive significance. It was made sacred by the curse that rested on it—a curse more deadly than that which darkened the lintels of the house of Thyestes; for out of that house last Sunday night came a woman with a lamp to the barn behind the house, to milk the cow with the crumpled temper, that kicked the lamp, that spilled the kerosene, that fired the straw, that burned Chicago. And there to this hour stands that craven little house, holding on tightly to its miserable existence.

"I stood on the sidewalk opposite, as in duty bound, calling up the appropriate emotions. A strange, wrinkled face on a dwarfish body came up and said, 'That's a dhreadful sight.' I assented, and he continued, in a melancholy croon: 'Forty year I've lived here, and there wasn't a brick house but wan, and that was the Lakeside House, and it's gone now; an' av ye'll belave me, Soor, I niver see a fire loike that.' I believed him thoroughly, and he went away. My emotions not being satisfactory from a front view of the shanty, I went around to the rear, and there found the Man of the House sitting with two of his friends. His wife, Our Lady of the Lamp—freighted with heavier disaster than that which Psyche carried to the bedside of Eros—sat at the window, knitting. I approached the Man of the House, and gave him good-day. He glanced up with sleepy, furtive eyes. I asked him what he knew about the origin of the fire. He glanced at his friends, and said, civilly, he knew very little; he was waked up about nine o'clock by the alarm, and fought from that time to save his house. At every sentence he turned to his friends and said, 'I can prove it by them,' to which they nodded assent. He seemed fearful that all Chicago was coming down upon him for prompt and integral payment of that $200,000,000 his cow had kicked over. His neighbors say this story is an invention, dating from the second day of the fire. There was something unutterably grotesque in this ultimate atom feeling a sense of responsibility for a catastrophe so stupendous, and striving by a fiction, which must have heavily taxed his highest powers of imagination, to escape a reckoning he was already free from,

> "'Like his fellows the midge and the nit,
> Through minuteness, to wit.'"

Mrs. Leary tells, however, another story. The Chicago *Journal* gives the following report of a conversation with her:

Reporter. "Are you the lady of the house?"

Mrs. Leary. "I am, Sir."

Reporter. "Have you lived here long?"

Mrs. Leary. "Going on five years."

Reporter. "Do you own this place?"

Mrs. Leary. "I do."

Reporter. "Did the fire start in your barn?"

Mrs. Leary. "It did."

Reporter. "What was in it?"

Mrs. Leary. "Five cows, a horse, and about two tons of hay in the loft."

Reporter. "Is your husband an expressman?"

Mrs. Leary. "Indade, he is not. We all knocked our living out of those five blessed cows, and I never had a cint from the parish in all my life, and the dirty *Times* had no business to say it, bad cess to it."

Reporter. "How about that kerosene lamp story?"

Mrs. Leary. "There is not a word of truth in the whole story. I always milked my cows by daylight, and never had a lamp of any kind or a candle about the barn. It must have been set afire. Two neighbors at the far end of the alley saw a strange man come up about half past nine in the evening. He asked them was the alley straight through. They told him it was, and he went through. It was not five minutes till they saw the barn on fire. Before we had time to get out the horse or any of the cows, it was all gone, and the fire was running in every direction. The boys turned to and saved the house. I hope to die if this isn't every word of it true. If you was a priest I wouldn't tell it any different."

All further questioning was useless. The woman had nothing more to say upon the subject.

The lower illustration on the same page gives a view of the interior of the West Side Rink, now the great central dépôt for the distribution of the supplies forwarded for the sufferers from every part of the United States, Canada, and Europe, and without which hundreds must have perished of cold and hunger. It was feared at first that too much might have been done in this way, and that many worthless characters might be encouraged to live in idleness and dependence instead of going to work for themselves; but it is believed that this will be prevented by the thorough system of relief adopted by those in charge of the distribution of supplies.

The directors of the Chicago Relief and Aid Society, under whose auspices the work of charity is carried on, report that they receive numerous inquiries as to what is most needed by the sufferers in Chicago at present. Many letters say that persons are desirous of contributing articles who can not well send money. In reference to all such proposed contributions, the society wish to say that nothing is so much needed now as beans, potatoes, and onions. They are advised by the Sanitary Committee that the people must have these articles, if they expect to escape sickness. The society are informed that many farmers would be glad to contribute these articles, and they ask all persons who can to ship beans, or onions, or potatoes to them. By a little proper attention car-loads may be made up at different places for shipment. The society also want straw beds of the usual size for two persons, and friends in the country are requested to furnish as many as they can. The ticking should be of strong material, filled with straw or prairie hay. The society are feeding and caring for over 40,000 people at the present time, with a very small stock of vegetables on hand and but little coming in.

Our sketch on page 1053 illustrates the energy of the Chicago people in meeting the heavy disaster which has befallen their city. They have gone to work with undaunted hearts, and the determination not only to obliterate within the next five years every trace of the fire, but to make their city still more magnificent and prosperous than it was before.

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE."

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

Some people think, perhaps, that the regular old conventional uncle of the comic novel and drama is a mere artistic figment, like Clown and Pantaloon, or a faded anachronism as unsuited to our time as a Saracen or a Knight Templar. But Paul Middlemist, barrister at law, of the Temple, London, had just such an uncle; the regulation uncle—testy, rich, snobbish, vulgar, and at bottom good-natured; the uncle whom you may see at the Adelphi, in London, or Wallack's, in New York. Mr. Theophilus Middlemist, the elder, did not exactly wear a blue coat with brass buttons, and yellow nankeen trowsers, as the dramatic uncle always does, for even Theophilus Middlemist would have seen that such garments were a little out of date; but he did carry a thick stick, and he lived in the country, and his money was the object of his nephew's great expectations—all just as in some pleasant old comedy.

Theophilus Middlemist had been a chandler in London, and had made a fortune, and retired to the country. He had been fond, in a sort of way, of his brother, Paul Middlemist's father, long since dead; and he brought up young Paul as though the boy were his own son. He resolved that Paul should be a professional man and a gentleman, and therefore sent him to study law in the Temple. Above all things else, Theophilus Middlemist was an honest old British snob. He revered respectability; he fell down and worshiped rank. He would not knowingly have done a mean thing for all the world; but to pay homage to a man or woman of rank seemed to him a noble privilege and a sacred duty. To have a title was, in his mind, much the same as being canonized. He gave Paul to understand that he must seek, beyond every thing else, the companionship of his social superiors. Money should not fail any ambition of Paul's so long as it could help him to mix with rank and fashion. But the uncle always declared that if Paul did not make himself a gentleman, he would find himself a beggar, so far as the honest earnings of his elderly relative were concerned.

Now it may be that had another course of training been followed with Paul, he too might have turned out a worshiper of rank and a snob. Perhaps the inherent manhood of his nature would have kept him all right in any case. Let us hope it would. But whatever may be the possibilities, it is certain that his uncle's simple and naked snobbery had the effect of opening Paul's eyes, from a very early age, to the meanness and vulgarity of all such sentiments. He winced under his uncle's weakness, and was sorry and ashamed because of the British foible which disfigured a character so honest and, on the whole, so deserving of respect.

In due time Paul was called to the bar. In that profession, however, many are called, but few are chosen. Paul had no briefs. The attorneys did not come near him. He was reported to be lazy, which he certainly was not, and literary, which he certainly was, and each report tended more and more to ruin his chances. He was handsome, gay, careless, generous, and he didn't get on. He drew pretty freely on his uncle's purse; and he satisfied his conscience as well as he could by assuring himself that his failure was the uncle's own fault. "Why must he make me a gentleman?" Paul would ask, with a laugh. "I should have got on capitally, I dare say, at the Australian diggings. Why didn't he let me go out to the United States and fight for the North? I might have been Lieutenant-General Middlemist by this time. I dare say I should have been. Or why didn't he allow me to encourage the advances of the public-house keeper's fat widow? She used to look unutterable things at me; and she had lots of money. And now she has married the bar-man, who isn't within three inches of my height; and they have sold their business and keep a carriage."

All this was Paul's fun. The latter part was especially his fun, for he was talking to sweet Lydia Ranthorpe, sister of Tom Ranthorpe, Paul's daily companion in Essex Court, Temple; and Paul was madly in love with Lydia. Now Lydia and her brother were very poor. Tom Ranthorpe came up to London with little more than his good spirits to feed and clothe him; and pending his making his way to be Attorney-General or Lord Chancellor, he wrote as often as he could find acceptance for newspapers and magazines; and Lydia and he had pleasant little lodgings at Forest Hill. Ranthorpe had his name painted up along with that of Middlemist on the door of the chambers in Essex Court; but he did not live there, as Paul did. Every night regularly he went home, late or early, to Forest Hill; and often, when no amusement of any kind kept him in town, and he went home early to a cup of tea with Lydia, Paul went with him. Soon Mr. Paul began to find all the joys of London life vapid and dull when compared with an hour of Lydia's company. And so, utterly reckless of his uncle's certain wrath and resistance, Paul chose to fall in love with Lydia. To make matters worse, she chose to fall in love with him. To deepen the darkness of the situation, Tom Ranthorpe, instead of wisely remonstrating, and sternly opposing to such folly his influence as a friend and his authority as a brother, chose to be delighted with the whole affair. The consequence of all this was that Lydia and Paul were engaged before they had well thought of what they were doing, and, for aught any one could tell to the contrary, might make up their minds to be married any day.

"Seems to me, Paul, your uncle's a confounded old mercenary humbug," Tom Ranthorpe remarked one evening as they talked over the whole situation with that charming frankness which usually characterized their conversation.

"No," said Paul, thoughtfully, as he stroked the mustache which his position as a captain of volunteers authorized him, a learned advocate, to wear—"no, it isn't that. The dear old boy isn't mercenary. It isn't money he wants me to get so much as rank. Confound it, Tom, why aren't you the younger son, or even the second cousin, of a lord? It wouldn't matter if Lydia hadn't a sixpence, if she were only the Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe. My uncle would give half his fortune, I verily believe, to help me to run away with the seventh daughter of the poorest peer in England, even though the flight involved the loss of every penny that might possibly have been hers."

"Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe! Why, there *is* an Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe," said Tom, musingly. "We read her name the other day among the list of presentations at court, and we were amused at the coincidence. I haven't the slightest doubt we belong to the same family."

"I'm afraid the relationship is not quite clear and certain," Paul remarked, with a shake of the head, "and I don't see that it helps us any the farther."

"I don't know," Tom replied. "I am quite with Falstaff in valuing highly a commodity of good names. One doesn't know when something may come of it. You are going down to your uncle's place to-morrow?"

"Yes; it's a terrible bore, just now especially; but it can't be helped."

"No; it may serve us, perhaps. I don't quite see my way yet. But, while I am thinking about the whole affair, I have one thing to impress upon you: if you receive a marked newspaper from London, be sure to leave it lying somewhere under your uncle's eye; and do the same with any letter of Lydia's that reaches you in an envelope from me. Come, promise! swear!" and Tom Ranthorpe fell into an attitude of intense dramatic heroism.

"But why? what do you mean?"

"'Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,'" replied Tom, in the language of Macbeth, "'till thou applaud the deed.' I don't know yet. It may all come to nothing; but I have an idea. About, my brains! Good-by, old fellow. Go and see Lydia."

With this parting injunction Paul Middlemist promptly complied. Next day he went down to the country, and was warmly received by his uncle.

A day or two after his arrival he received a marked copy of the *Morning Post* directed in what seemed to be a woman's hand. The mark had reference to a dinner-party at Windsor Castle, where, among the guests of her Majesty the Queen, was mentioned the name of the "Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe." Paul obeyed injunctions, and left the paper, in American phraseology, "lying around."

The eagle eye of the elder Middlemist lighted on the paper; indeed, the good man always reverentially studied the *Morning Post*. He was naturally attracted to the marked passage, and he wondered why it should have been marked for Paul's especial benefit by a woman. "The Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe!" he murmured. "Can she be an acquaintance of my boy's?" He flew to his copy of the "Peerage," and there he found "Lydia Maria Christina Ranthorpe," eldest daughter of Lord Viscount Ranthorpe, and niece of the Most Noble the Marquis of Huntinglen. Likewise he found that the Honorable Lydia was twenty-eight years of age. Theophilus Middlemist liked to read of such people.

The very next day he saw a letter, open, lying on his nephew's table, evidently left behind by him when he went out to ride with one of the sons of a neighbor. "Careless fellow!" Middlemist senior observed, and his eye glanced rather curiously at the paper. "And from a woman, too! Well, the lad has no secrets, evidently."

The old gentleman must have been quite convinced of this, for he took up the letter and read it through. It was very short—a dainty, pretty little *billet*, and it ran thus:

> "Dearest Paul,—I am very unhappy without you, although we have been staying at Windsor, and trying to enjoy the delightful place. But I only think of you. Oh, how I *hate* the *miserable prejudices* and conventionalities of *the world* and of society! Tom writes, and I inclose this line only to say that I hope you are well, and are making the best of your holiday—if it be one—and that you will soon come back to your own
> Lydia."

Lydia! Windsor! and the *Morning Post!* and the Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe dining with the Queen! and the description in Debrett's "Peerage!" Could it be possible? Could Paul Middlemist, his nephew, really have fascinated a lady of rank and fashion? But who was "Tom?" Doubtless her brother or cousin. He turned to Debrett again. No, there was no brother. It must surely be a cousin: there were ever so many names of male Ranthorpes. Anyhow, that was a matter of no consequence. "Tom" might be what Mr. Middlemist would have called a mutual friend of the lady and Paul. There could be no reasonable doubt whatever that "Lydia," who wrote the letter, was the Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe of the *Morning Post* and Windsor Castle.

"May I ask, Sir," the elder slyly said to his nephew that evening, "who is the Lydia whose letters you leave so carelessly about? I might have read the whole letter if I had felt inclined to pry into your secrets. Who is the fair Miss Lydia? Is her name a secret?"

Paul looked becomingly confused.

"Oh, Lydia—yes, to be sure! No, there's no mystery at all. Miss Ranthorpe, uncle—a very charming girl; relative of a particular friend of mine, Tom Ranthorpe."

"A charming girl, indeed?—eh, Paul? Any thing very serious there?"

Paul looked down, sighed, and pressed his hand to his forehead. He was beginning to see Tom Ranthorpe's joke now, and didn't object to humoring it.

"Serious, uncle? Alas! no. Family difficulties—cursed distinctions of rank and wealth—elderly guardian—social wants that sin against the strength of youth. Let us not speak of it;" and Paul swallowed hastily a glass of wine, finding himself barely competent to keep up much longer a blending of the style of Mr. Alfred Jingle and the forlorn lover in "Locksley Hall."

"Well, I don't know," the good-natured uncle began. "These are leveling days, Paul, my boy; and money can do something, and—"

"Uncle," said Paul, solemnly, "let us change the subject." And it was changed accordingly, and the uncle was left nearly wild with curiosity.

"Gad!" Theophilus Middlemist grumbled to himself that night, as he swallowed his soda-water and brandy previous to going to bed, "boys now haven't half the courage and spirit that were common in my younger days. Here's a handsome young fellow, and a lady of title and fashion, daughter of a viscount—a lady who dines with the Queen, by Jove! falls in love with him—downright in love with him—and tells him so, and he only moans out some feeble stuff about inequalities of rank, and so forth! Why doesn't he run away with her to Scotland? Hang the money! I'd let him have money enough. I wish I were a young man, and that the Honorable Miss Somebody had only fallen in love with *me!*"

Next day the uncle made several sly allusions, and let off various jokes and hints and taunts designed to stimulate his nephew into some daring measure. More than once, too, he gently suggested that if Paul would make him his confidant, something might, perhaps, be done. But Paul only preserved a silence gloomier than ever, and shook his head with a profounder solemnity.

Greatly was Mr. Middlemist's surprise enhanced when, soon after, he received a letter from one of the most aristocratic clubs in London, and signed, "Thos. G. Adolphus Ranthorpe." With tremulous eagerness he read:

> "Dear Sir,—Although I can hardly say I have the pleasure of knowing you personally, yet as the intimate friend of your nephew, and as the near relative of one in whom he is deeply interested, I feel that I may take the liberty of thus suddenly addressing myself to you. There is a subject of some importance on which I should much wish to have some conversation with you, but of which I hardly care to write. Doubtless you sometimes run up to town, and I should be particularly glad if, the first day you can make it convenient to do so, you would give me an opportunity of talking with you. I shall be found at the club every day up to three o'clock, and shall be happy," etc., etc.

Next day, to the surprise of his nephew, Mr. Middlemist flew to town, and straightway made for the club to which he had been invited. On the steps of the building he saw a handsome, dark young man in close conversation with a fair-haired and fair-bearded youth. The former looked keenly at our worthy elder as he panted up the steps, and, politely advancing toward him, said,

"Mr. Middlemist, I think? Had the pleasure of seeing you once before, although, perhaps, you don't remember me. My name's Ranthorpe. Allow me to introduce my friend;" and either Middlemist's ears deceived him, or he was presented to a living lord. Middlemist could hardly speak with confusion and delight.

"Will you excuse me for one moment?" Ranthorpe said; and he drew his fair-haired companion aside, and engaged hastily in conversation with him. Middlemist was burning to know whether he really had been introduced to a peer of the realm, and, if so, what the name of the peer was, for he had failed to catch it as spoken by Ranthorpe. One of the club servants, gorgeous in livery, stood near, and the moment was opportune. Middlemist hastily asked "the name of that gentleman."

"Which gentleman?" the pampered menial loftily inquired.

"The gentleman talking to Mr. Ranthorpe."

"Why, Lord Eglamour, to be sure," the bloated minion replied, disdainful of the ignorant churl to whom the person of one of the most resplendent young noblemen was unknown. Middlemist could have clasped the hand of the scornful liveried hireling—could have pressed it to his bosom. He had, then, been presented to Lord Eglamour! Nay, Eglamour, now springing lightly into his cab, actually nodded a friendly salute to our venerable acquaintance as he drove away.

"Now, my dear Middlemist," Ranthorpe said, as he put his arm familiarly under that of Theophilus—"for I must treat you as a friend, you know—if you will just walk a few steps with me—"

"Certainly! certainly! any where," answered the delighted Briton. Oh, if all his rural neighbors could only have been in Pall Mall to see him in such goodly company!

"Well, then, my dear Middlemist, you know, of course, my friendship for your nephew; and you know the relationship in which I stand to Lydia Ranthorpe."

"Perfectly, perfectly," affirmed Mr. Middlemist, although he was by no means clear as to the relationship.

"Very good. Now, you see, you and I are men of the world. Paul Middlemist is a devilish fine fellow, and all that, and Lydia Ranthorpe is a charming girl; and they have been making love awfully, and I'm afraid I've been to blame for encouraging them. You see, my dear Middlemist, I'm afraid it won't do. There are elders who would never consent—never—if they knew how things stood. There is an elderly male relative, Sir, who would be inflexible as adamant. Paul talks of running away with her, and, on my word, the girl is so infatuated about him that she would go off to-morrow if he were to ask her. But, to be frank with you, she has next to nothing absolutely her own; and he has nothing: and what's the use? Will the love they are so rich in make a fire in the kitchen, and so on? I thought it right to put you up to this, as a man of sense and judgment. And I only ask you to use your influence and authority and advice, and so forth. I pledge you to nothing except that, of course, you will never betray my confidence. And, let what will come of it, now my mind is free."

"My dear Sir," began the bewildered and delighted Middlemist, "how shall I express my gratitude for this remarkable, this generous, this—in fact, this—"

"Not one word, Middlemist; not one word more, if you please. We have both said enough—perhaps I've said rather too much: devilish delicate affair, you know! And the best thing we can do now is to make no further allusion to it. Assume that a bird of the air has whispered something to you, and let us two go on as if we had never exchanged a syllable on the subject. And now, my dear Middlemist, you must come and have luncheon with me and two or three other fellows. No, I can take no denial or excuse: you really *must*. I want to make you acquainted with some pleasant friends, whom I think you will be glad to know."

The rejoicing and bewildered Middlemist enjoyed his luncheon immensely, although he could hardly eat a morsel for pride and happiness. Never had he been in the company of such swells before. There were (let us borrow our names for the sake of illustration) Lord Pendennis, the Earl of Warrington, Sir Clive Newcome, the Honorable Fred Bayham, and several others, every one having a title, and yet all as gracious to old Middlemist as though he were one of themselves. They talked about Paul Middlemist as if he were their brother; and one or two rallied Lord Pendennis somewhat inconsiderately on his having been supplanted by Paul in the affections of a certain fair Lydia. His lordship, however, bore the quizzing with all the bland good humor of a polished English nobleman. Not the faintest flicker of a doubt ever crossed Middlemist's mind as to the genuineness of the whole affair. Why should not Lord Pendennis be as genuine as Lord Eglamour, and of the latter there was no question.

When the party was breaking up, Tom Ranthorpe pressed Middlemist's hand and whispered: "Remember my warning! Prevent this foolish love-affair from going any farther. Interpose in time, or don't blame me afterward!"

Middlemist murmured rapturous thanks, and made for the railway station in a condition of chuckling ecstasy.

Tom Ranthorpe and his brilliant company had a jolly evening together. But as Cinderella, when the clock has struck twelve, changes from splendor to rags, so now did his lordship and the earl, and the honorable and the rest, come down to be a merry gathering of briefless barristers and struggling artists. They had been playing a little comedy, in fact, got up by Ranthorpe for the beguilement of "the old snob, Middlemist." They were not overscrupulous. They thought every thing fair in love, and they assumed that they were thus advancing the dearest interests of their friend Paul. Let it be said, in justice to that gentleman, that he knew nothing about the practical joke. Neither, of course, did Lydia. When her brother took her for a day or two to Windsor—where they lived in a modest lodging, and did not even see her Majesty as she "drove on the slopes"—Lydia had not the remotest suspicion that she had been taken there only in order that, writing thence to Paul, she might thus clearly identify herself in the mind of Paul's uncle with her namesake at court. The marked paper was sent by Tom, addressed in his best attempt at a woman's hand, and Lydia never knew any thing about it.

The appearance on the scene of Lord Eglamour was a splendid chance, giving the whole thing, apparently, a stamp of irresistible reality. Lord Eglamour was the one only nobleman with whom Ranthorpe was acquainted, and it was the inspiration of true genius which bade Tom, when from afar he saw the elder Middlemist come plowing up Pall Mall, to seize the button of the young nobleman, detain him in earnest conversation about nothing, and whisper to him that Middlemist was one of the oddest old boys alive—a delightful character, to be humored in every thing for the sake of the fun to be made out of him. This procured for Middlemist his lordship's pleasant and affable salute, and decided the venerable uncle's destiny.

Old Middlemist reached home beaming with delight, wine, pride, and self-glorification. He was resolved that Paul must marry Lydia Ranthorpe, even though, as Mr. Neefit, in Trollope's late novel, says so elegantly of his daughter, she had "nothing but her smock."

"Paul, my boy!" his uncle exclaimed that very night, as they were parting at bed-time—Paul was returning to town next day—"I know the whole affair; I know it all. And if you haven't the spirit to marry that lovely Lydia Ranthorpe in spite of the world, why, damme, Sir, I'll disown you!"

"But, my dear uncle, have you considered?"

"No, Sir, I haven't! I won't consider any thing! And I'm ashamed of you to talk of considering in such a case! Marry the girl, Sir—run away with her, if you like—and bring me my niece, Lydia, here, or never let me see your face again!"

Paul was too obedient a nephew to remonstrate any longer, although his conscience a little misgave him when, next morning, his uncle mysteriously pressed a check for a handsome amount into his hand. He feared some trick must have been played somehow; but when he saw Ranthorpe, the latter, amidst bursts of laughter, pledged him his word that he had never made any false representation whatever to Theophilus Middlemist touching his sister's place in society, and that he had, in fact, warned the good man against the marriage. So Paul did not feel bound to make any further inquiry. He was weary of waiting, and meant to have married Lydia at once in any case, whether his uncle liked it or not; and his doubts and scruples now had reference not to the question of marriage, whereon his mind was made up, but as to accepting his uncle's money to pay the expenses of the honey-moon.

There was no need of running away. Paul and Lydia were quietly married, and, after a short trip in Scotland, Paul brought his pretty, winning wife to charm his old uncle, which she did unaffectedly. Before a week was over the elder Middlemist fairly adored her.

Of course the whole thing came out. It was revealed first by Lydia herself, quite innocently and artlessly; and even in the first moment of his anger the old man could not but see that she had had no part whatever in the little comedy. Tom Ranthorpe took all the blame to himself, and exonerated even Paul from any serious participation in the plot, which, however, Tom manfully defended as entirely justifiable in the interest of two loving hearts.

"But, Sir," exclaimed the bewildered Middlemist, "you told me of some elderly relative who wouldn't consent."

"Don't you see, my dear Middlemist?—yourself! I meant yourself all the time!"

"But you led me to think it was her relative—her father."

"The Right Honorable Lord Ranthorpe?" interrupted Tom, with a burst of laughter. "No, I didn't, my dear Sir; you led yourself to think it. I warned you against allowing the thing to go on, and told you you mustn't blame me for any thing that might happen."

There was nothing more to be said, and old Middlemist made the best of it. But it was long before he could be reconciled fully to Ranthorpe, or would consent to meet Lord Pendennis and the Earl of Warrington, and the rest of that joyous company. One day, however, at a flower show, some one pointed out to him the Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe—the real honorable aristocrat of Windsor Castle—and he saw a lean, miserable creature, yellow as a guinea, and angular as Rosinante. He went home, kissed Mrs. Paul cordially, and thanked Heaven for what had happened, adding that it would have only punished him justly for his mean snobbishness if his nephew had really married some hideous woman of title who would have looked down with scorn and contempt on her husband's poor old uncle.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The destruction of a vast number of valuable fruit-bearing and ornamental trees is one of the losses by fire which time only can restore to Chicago and many other Western towns. A timely suggestion, however, has been made, which, if adopted in season, will be very useful. In many instances the vitality of the roots has not been impaired. By cutting off the trees close to the surface of the ground before winter, and covering the wounds with a heavy coat of grafting-wax, the life will be preserved until next spring, when they will, in a majority of cases, send up strong shoots and grow rapidly. Some varieties of trees will not sprout; but fruit trees, grape-vines, berry bushes, and valuable shrubbery will sprout again if cut close to the ground before cold weather comes. The burned and heated portions of the wood should be removed until a live surface is laid bare, when a warm coating of grafting-wax should be applied. This should be covered with brown paper or cloth, and several inches of fine earth overlay the whole. A suitable grafting-wax may be made of equal parts of resin or pitch and tallow, or one part of linseed-oil and two of coarse resin. In the spring the soil should be removed, leaving only about an inch over the stump.

A memorial to the late Charles Dickens, who was born at Portsmouth, is to be raised in that town.

Another royal authoress is the ex-Empress Eugénie, who has been for some time engaged on a life of Mary Queen of Scots, which will shortly be published.

Professor Blot, of culinary renown, is of opinion that mixed coffee is the best. He prefers a mixture of Java, Mocha, and Maracaibo. His method of making is to use a coffee-pot with a filter. Put the coffee—varying the amount according to the quantity and strength you desire—into the filter and pour boiling water over it, and the beverage is made.

All attempts to remove the bar in the Mississippi below New Orleans by dredging seem ineffectual. It still remains a serious obstacle to navigation. A recent report of the United States engineer in charge of operations there states that by several months' labor a channel had been cut with a minimum depth of eighteen and a half feet. A storm came on, and in a few hours entirely filled up this channel; but a subsequent survey showed that during the same storm an unusual rush of water had torn out a new channel in another locality quite as deep and as navigable as the one constructed by dredging has ever been.

A lady living in Chicago writes to *Harper's Weekly* a sad story of individual suffering from the awful calamity which has overtaken that city. She closes by saying:

> "Although we are not among the 'burned out,' yet we feel the terrible calamity, as does every family in Chicago. Hundreds of families are in our circumstances. I know your paper will contain valuable illustrations of our fire: but half the sad events will never be made public. One of the saddest features is the suffering among women in delicate health. It is estimated by a responsible physician of our city that five hundred babes were born on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday among the sufferers. Forty were born in Lincoln Park on Tuesday. Events of the most heart-rending character are being brought to light. One poor woman on the North Side was in bed with a babe a few hours' old when the house caught fire. The inmates in their flight forgot the poor woman and her babe. She rose from her bed, wrapped a sheet around herself and child, and made her way to the street. There she was found dead, with the babe in her arms."

A traveler in Utah gives a clear description of some peculiar features of the scenery in that section of country—peculiarities of which it is difficult to give an Eastern reader any idea. For example, what are called the *buttes* are impressive and picturesque. By the word *butte* (pronounced so as to rhyme with *mute*) the traveler to the far West learns to understand a mass of red sandstone rising abruptly in the midst of a level plain to a height sometimes of 2000 feet, often as broad at the top as at the base, and level above, it may be, as a floor; or carved, as it rises, into most fantastic shapes, that project from its edges and overshadow the desert below. This sandstone, moreover, is not firm in contour, but seems loose and friable, and is worn and rounded and gullied by wind and rain so that its shapes stand half disclosed in a veil of shifting sand, which is sent whirling before its sharp, uncovered features in every gust of the summer wind. These buttes seem like nothing so much as the ruins of vast mountains, sculptured into strange devices by the weather's restless chisel; and on the level desert they tower aloft, like the frolicsome creations of some weird and mighty architect. So strong is their resemblance oftentimes to well-known objects of men's devising that we can hardly believe them the chance work of the elements.

A defiant tricolored flag still floats from the spire of the cathedral at Metz, and is most irritating to the Prussians. A large reward was promised to the man who would haul it down; but not one Frenchman would consent to make the attempt, and no German dared. An inhabitant of the town writes to say that the governor having doubled the sum promised, a Baden workman essayed to gain the prize; but after arriving within about three meters of the famous banner he was obliged to descend, amidst the laughter and enthusiastic cheering of the crowd collected on the Place d'Armes.

The proprietor of one of the most important coach-building establishments in Paris, being unable to find a sufficient number of good workmen in that city, has made arrangements to employ 1500 German operatives, and they have just gone to Paris.

The most industrious of all American artists in Italy is said to be Harriet Hosmer. Even in the summer, when every one feels entitled to recreate, she lives in her studio.

Newspaper reporters in Warsaw do not have a comfortable time of it. Not long ago the superintendent of the police, not liking an item in one of the newspapers of Warsaw, ordered the reporter who had written it to be flogged and imprisoned for a week, with only bread and water for diet.

In India, when a native preacher is temporarily called from his post of duty, or laid aside by sickness, his wife proves a helpmate. She takes his place, preaches the sermon, and conducts the services.

It is fortunate that the battle of Bunker Hill was not fought where it was originally designed to be, and that the monument glorying in the name of Bunker Hill was located on another eminence; because, otherwise, the people of Charlestown would be forced to pull down the monument, or else select another hill to reduce in size. Bunker Hill is to be graded down forty-six feet, which, with the fourteen feet it has already lost, will make it sixty feet lower than its original height at the summit. A large Catholic church must be lowered, and a cemetery containing 8000 corpses is to be removed. The whole cost of the undertaking is estimated at $3,271,771. The earth removed goes to fill up flats, and will add about 150 acres to the territory of Charlestown. The number of buildings it will be necessary to lower is 473.

About daylight on that fatal Monday morning Robert T. Lincoln, only surviving son of the late President Lincoln, entered his law office in Chicago after the flames had attacked the building, opened the vault, and piled upon a table-cloth the most valuable papers, then slung the pack over his shoulder, and escaped amidst a shower of falling fire-brands. He walked up Michigan Avenue with this load on his back, and stopped at the mansion of John Young Scammon, where they breakfasted with a feeling of perfect security. Lincoln went home with his papers, and before noon the house of Scammon was in ruins, the last which was sacrificed by the lake-side.

The easiest way to preserve grapes is to hang the bunches up in a room where the air is not subject to much change, and is pure and dry. If not below the freezing-point, the cooler the air the better the grapes will keep.

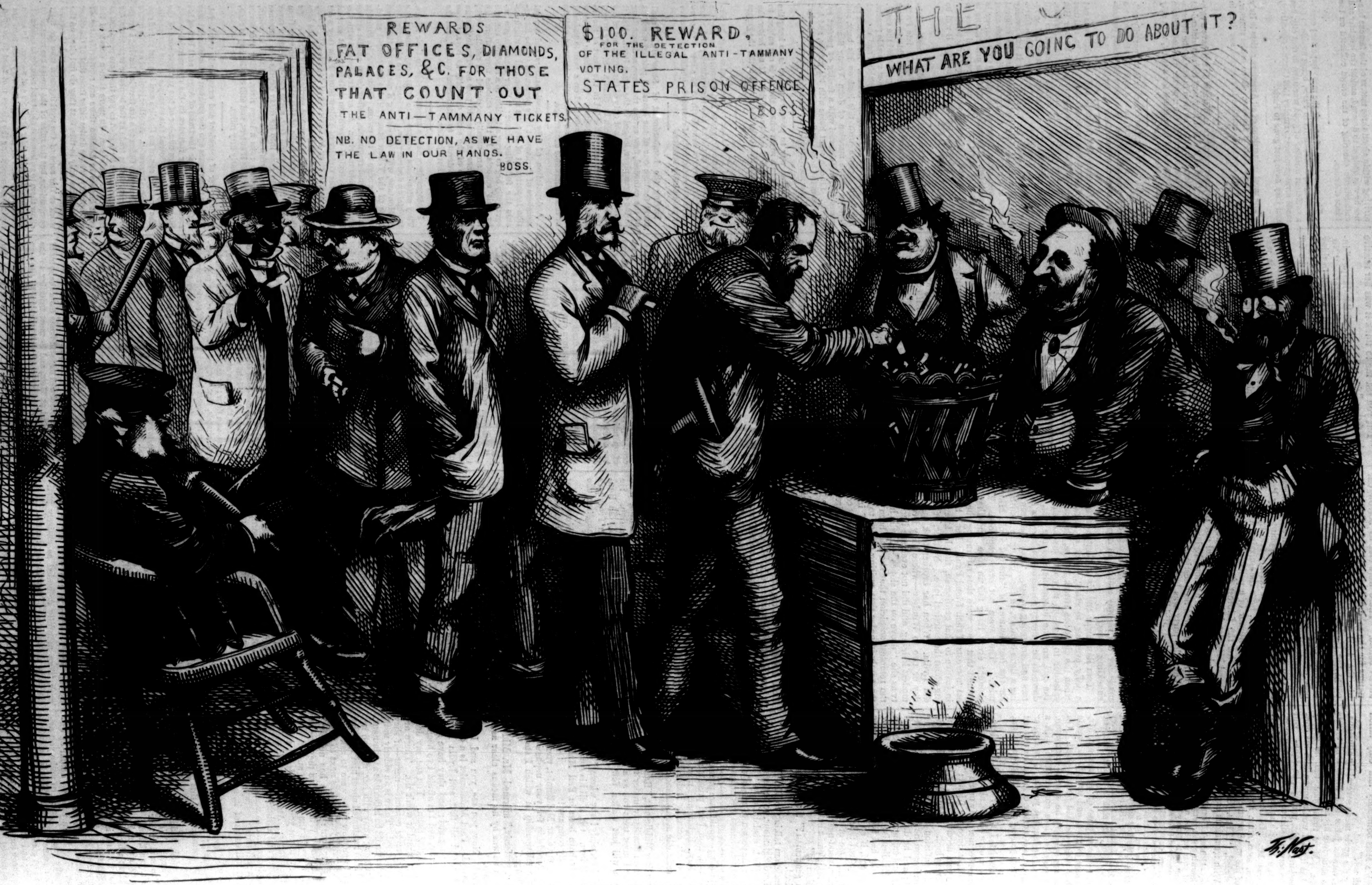
The Czar of Russia has ordered that women be permitted to become druggists and chemists, be eligible to fill positions as clerks and accountants; and, more than this, they are henceforth to be allowed to practice as surgeons, and, of course, to qualify themselves by preliminary studies.

During the bombardment of Strasburg a shell burst through one of the beautiful painted windows of the cathedral, flew across the nave, and, smashing in the organ pipes, lodged in the organ itself. Had it burst, the destruction not only of the organ but of the cathedral must have been inevitable. Strange to say, the shell remained imbedded in the heart of the instrument without exploding. The missile has now been extracted, and is mounted on a marble pedestal in the cathedral, and an inscription informs visitors of this remarkable occurrence.

A deputation of fifty school-teachers and several members of Parliament have presented to the Education Department of London a memorial in which occurs the following clause: "Your memorialists respectfully beg to draw attention to a hardship suffered by girls' schools. In these schools three afternoons in the week are usually occupied in needle-work, but the girls are expected to pass an examination in the standards of the same difficulty as boys, whose whole time is devoted to intellectual work." Let the English girls have justice.

Photographers have a romantic side to their labors. They oftentimes venture into most dangerous places to obtain a desired view. Not long ago a photographer of Montana, while developing a picture of the Great Falls of the Yellow Stone, left his instrument standing on the edge of the cañon. Returning, he found it in a thousand fragments, sliding down amidst stones and earth into the river. An artist connected with the Hayden geological expedition writes that at several places in the vicinity of Yellow Stone Falls they were compelled to cling to the roots of overhanging trees, and while they were thus supported, steadied the legs of the camera, which seemed particularly restive. As the perpendicular walls of this great cañon vary from one to two thousand feet, some self-possession must be needed to gaze into its dizzy depths—an immense cleft in the earth's crust about half a mile in width, through which runs a large river, falling over seven hundred feet, as it enters, and still continuing to rush, roaring, for nearly fifty miles.

The power of precedent and example is wonderful. Two or three years ago the greatest astonishment was expressed because the Duke of Argyle sent two of his sons to try their fortunes in the commercial world. Since then a large number of the younger sons of the nobility have followed this example of the Campbells. The younger son of an English earl has just joined one of the large breweries. Another junior of a noble house is on his way to China as a tea traveler, leaving a brother to learn the tea trade at the house he represents, for which privilege he is glad to pay the same premium as the sons of plebeians. In more than a dozen of the great houses in London there are representatives of the nobility, whose duties differ from that of the other apprentices only in this, that they do not sleep on the premises. They have the same hours and the same work as the sons of the working-men who are their companions, but the rules of the house are relaxed to allow them to go home at night and mingle in circles of fashion with their elder brothers and sisters. In some houses the sons of noblemen and very rich men are rapidly monopolizing the places that used to be open to every one. They pay enormous premiums to acquire a practical knowledge of a business or trade.


REWARDS
FAT OFFICES, DIAMONDS, PALACES, &C. FOR THOSE THAT COUNT OUT THE ANTI—TAMMANY TICKETS.
NB. NO DETECTION, AS WE HAVE THE LAW IN OUR HANDS.
BOSS.
$100. REWARD, FOR THE DETECTION OF THE ILLEGAL ANTI-TAMMANY VOTING.
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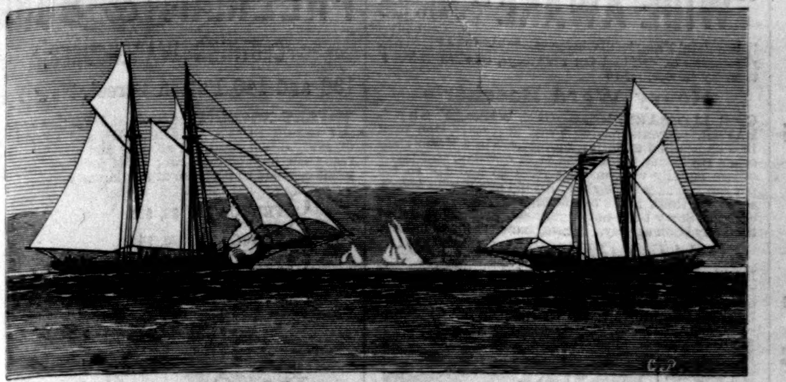
THE
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
Th. Nast.

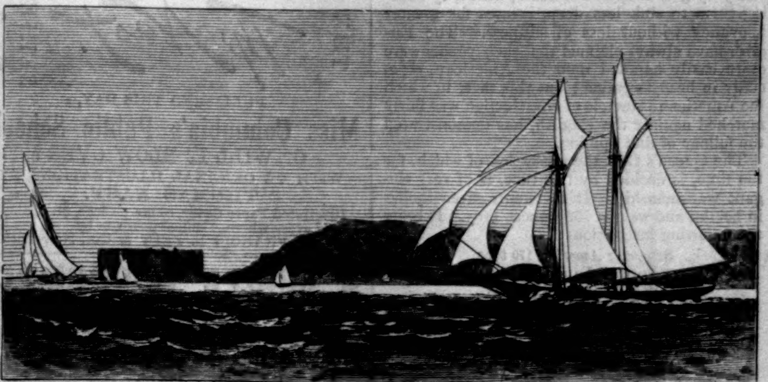
GOING THROUGH THE FORM OF UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

BOSS. "You have the *Liberty* of *Voting* for any one you please; but we have the *Liberty* of *Counting in* any one we please."

"Do your Duty as Citizens, and leave the rest to take its course."—*New York Times.*



1. THE SAPPHO GETTING UNDER WAY. THE LIVONIA UNDER WAY.



2. THE LIVONIA. THE SAPPHO AFTER THE LIVONIA—11.34.

THE RACE FOR THE QUEEN'S CUP.

The decisive race for the Queen's Cup, so gallantly won by the yacht *America* in 1851 from the flower of the English yachts, was sailed on Monday, October 23, between the *Livonia* and the *Sappho*. Our artist was a witness of the friendly contest from the start to the close; and on this page records the triumph of the American yacht in a series of pictures which show the position occupied by each of the competing vessels at different hours during the progress of the race.

The start was from the anchor, and the representative of the *Livonia* won the choice of position. By ten o'clock the waters of the bay off the Quarantine Landing were crowded with all kinds of craft to witness the race. The day was all that could be desired, the air was quite warm, and the sky almost cloudless. At 11.16 the signal to make ready was given, and at 11.22 the whistle was blown for the start. The *Livonia* had lowered her foretop-mast as if she anticipated heavy weather. The wind was moderate from west-southwest, and the tide at the last of the ebb.

The *Livonia* got much the best of the start, as men had been sent aloft, who, at the sound of the whistle, jumped out of the rigging, clinging to the jib-stays, and thus running the head-sails up with celerity. The crew of the *Sappho* displayed remarkable coolness, and the *Livonia's* jibs were half up before the *Sappho* began: every thing moved with the most perfect system; and although the *Livonia* soon filled and got well under way, the work went along deliberately upon the deck of the American champion. It was fully five minutes after the signal, or three and a half minutes after the *Livonia* crossed the line, that the *Sappho* got her sails drawing perfectly. The *Livonia* was leading by fully three-fourths of a mile, and under jib, stay-sail, jib-headed maintop-sail, and fore and main sails, was doing her utmost to maintain her position. The *Sappho*, in addition to her main and fore sails, carried her three lower jibs and fore and main gaff top-sails.

From the very start, as soon as she got way on, the *Sappho* began to gain upon her antagonist. The *Livonia* passed the fort on the lower point of Staten Island at 11.36.30, the *Sappho* at 11.38. So the yachts went on, passing Buoy 15, the *Livonia* at 11.41, *Sappho* 11.42; Buoy No. 13, *Livonia* 11.49, *Sappho* 11.49.30.

As the yachts approached Buoy No. 11 the *Sappho* attempted to pass to windward of her antagonist; but finding that this could not be done, she drew up until her jib-boom was nearly over the *Livonia's* taffrail, and keeping broad off to get good way on, she luffed and passed through the lee of the *Livonia* as if the latter had been at anchor. At 11.58 the *Sappho* passed Buoy No. 9, and at 11.58.45 the *Livonia* passed the same point. Passing Buoy No. 7 the *Sappho* had a clear lead of five lengths.

The Buoy No. 10 was now on the lee bow of the yachts, and they kept off. The *Sappho* set her jib top-sail and the *Livonia* set her maintop-mast stay-sail. The former passed the buoy at 12.15.12, the latter at 12.16.58.

By this time the wind had moderated, and from this point to the light-ship was dead aft. Both yachts boomed out their mainsails to port and their foresails to starboard, and ran wing and wing. The *Sappho* jibed round the light-ship at 1.32.58; the *Livonia* at 1.45.22, as shown in the accompanying illustrations.

The race back to the stake-boat showed in a still more remarkable manner the superiority of the American over the English yacht. It was the subject of general remark that the *Livonia* did not sail within two points as close in the wind's eye as the *Sappho*, while her inferiority in the matter of speed, supposing her to have been properly handled, was so conclusively proved that even Mr. Ashbury can hardly fail to be convinced of the fact.

The wind continued blowing freshly; and the *Sappho*, fairly outrunning the steamers, came in at the home stake-boat at 3.59.05. The *Livonia* arrived at the stake-boat at 4.25.41. The following table will give a clear idea of the race:

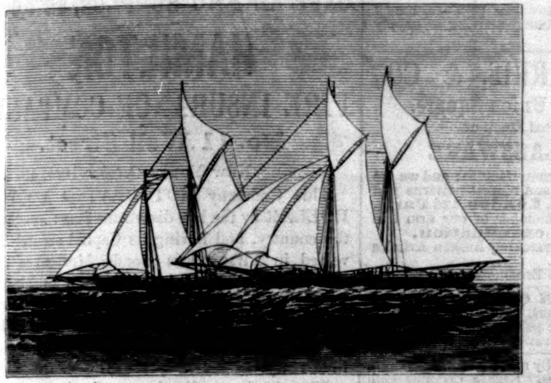
OFFICIAL TIME—START, 11.21.

YACHT.	S.W. SPIT.	LIGHT-SHIP.	S.W. SPIT.	RETURN.
Sappho	12.15.12	1.32.58	3.12.04	3.59.05
Livonia	12.16.58	1.45.22	3.34.30	4.25.41

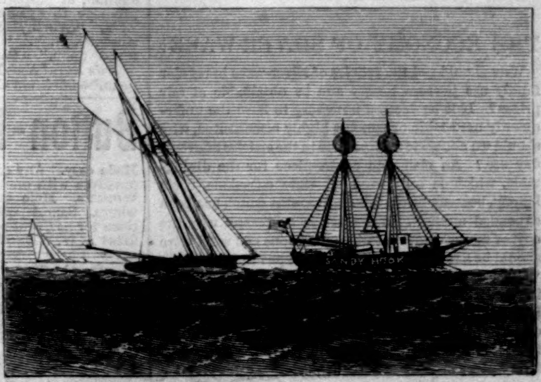
	ACTUAL TIME.	CORRECTED TIME.
Sappho	4.38.05	4.46.17
Livonia	5.04.41	5.11.44

Thus the American yacht beat the English in actual time twenty-six minutes and thirty-six seconds, and as corrected for allowances twenty-five minutes and twenty-seven seconds. Adding the three minutes lost at the start, makes the victory of the *Sappho* twenty-eight minutes and twenty-seven seconds.

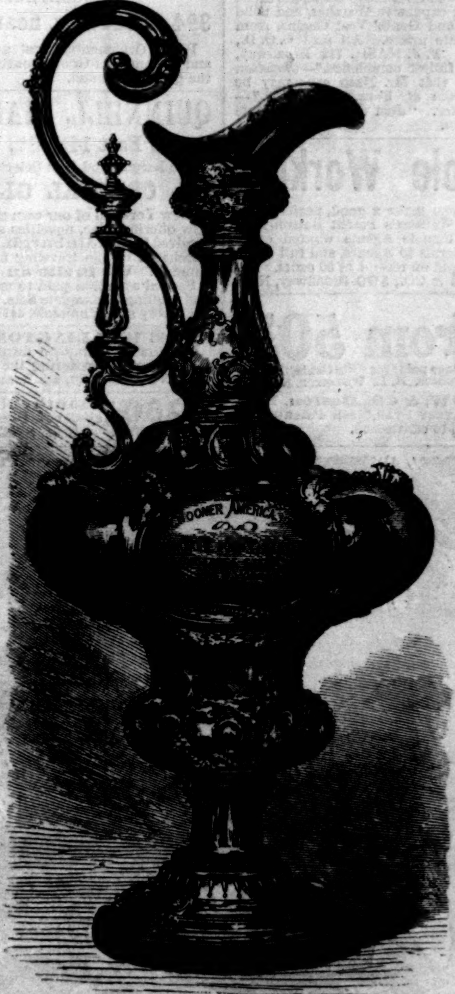
The possession of the Queen's Cup is not the only question decided by the race. There is an essential difference in the principles of construction adopted by the yacht-builders of England and America, and this contest has proved the superiority of the American mode. The English yachts are narrow and of deep draught, stiffness in heavy weather being secured by means of ballast—so much dead weight to be dragged through the water. American yachts, on the contrary, secure steadiness and



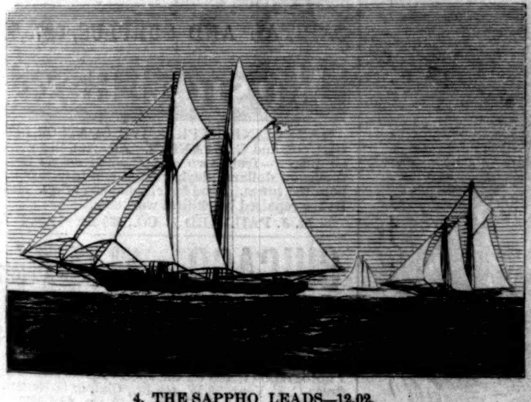
3. NECK AND NECK—11.53.



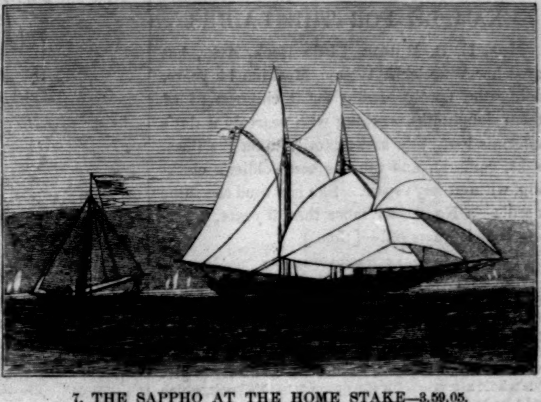
6. THE LIVONIA ROUNDING THE LIGHT-SHIP—1.45.22.



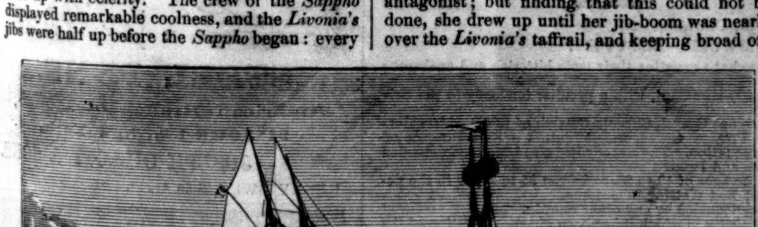
THE QUEEN'S CUP.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]



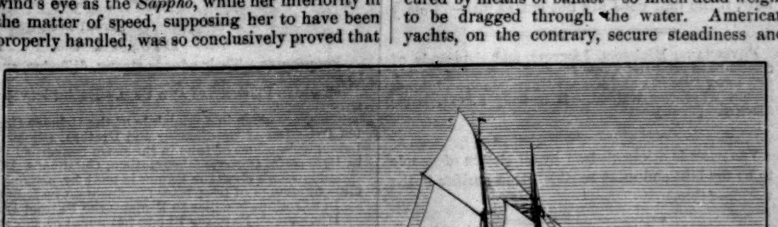
4. THE SAPPHO LEADS—12.02.



7. THE SAPPHO AT THE HOME STAKE—3.59.05.



5. THE SAPPHO ROUNDING THE LIGHT-SHIP—1.32.58.



8. THE LIVONIA AT THE HOME STAKE—4.25.41.

THE YACHT RACE FOR THE QUEEN'S CUP.

safety by great breadth of beam, which, by causing them to sink less deep, insures far greater buoyancy without loss of stiffness. The English have always claimed that their yachts were more easily handled than the American, especially in heavy weather; but this race, in which the American principle of construction was fairly matched against the English, has demonstrated the fallacy of that opinion.

The Queen's Cup, the possession of which, for the time, is decided by this race, is of very elegant workmanship. It is twenty-seven inches in height, and weighs 135 ounces Troy. It bears the following inscriptions:

Schooner *America*, 170 tons,
COMMODORE JOHN C. STEVENS.
Built by GEORGE STEERS,
of New York,
1851.

100 GUINEA CUP,
Won August 22, 1851, at Cowes, England,
By Yacht *America*,
at the
ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA,
Open to all Nations;
Beating—

CUTTERS.			SCHOONERS.		
Volante,	48	Tons.	*Beatrice*,	161	Tons.
Arrow,	84	"	*Wyvern*,	205	"
Alarm,	193	"	*Ione*,	75	"
Mona,	82	"	*Constance*,	218	"
Bacchante,	80	"	*Gypsy Queen*,	160	"
Freak,	60	"	*Brilliant*,	392	"
Eclipse,	50	"			

Presented to the
NEW YORK YACHT CLUB,
as a
Challenge Cup,
Open to all Foreign Clubs,
by the Owners,
JOHN C. STEVENS, GEO. L. SCHUYLER,
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WHY should not the articles of silver-ware in regular family use possess beauty and be obtainable at fair prices? If it be deemed necessary to have the unfrequently used table ornaments highly ornamented, why should we not bestow some taste in the articles of every-day use? An elaborate centre-piece for the dining-table, which is only used on state occasions, costs largely, because of the labor of months which has been expended upon it. But there is no reason why the cost of manufacturing forks and spoons and solid ware should be fixed so high as to become prohibitory. The "Gorham" Manufacturing Company, by its machinery, its capital, and its management of the details of its business, is able and does provide, at moderately small cost, the choicest articles of silver-ware which beautify the table and are eminently practical for daily use. Every piece of work, whether the simple salt-spoon or the stately dinner set, is finished—nothing is slighted; and, from their ability at production, they are enabled to furnish their goods at most reasonable rates. Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, No. 22 John St., N. Y. (up stairs), have in stock a full line of these goods, and are pleased to show them either to connoisseurs or purchasers.—[*Com.*]

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WITH 72 ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY
THOMAS NAST.
Illustrated Paper Cover, 50 cts.; Cloth, $1.
Sold every where. Mailed postpaid by
FRANCIS B. FELT & CO., New York.

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OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH,

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"Subscribe $5000 for the Chicago sufferers. Settle all losses promptly. Draw at three days' sight."

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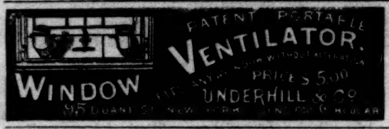

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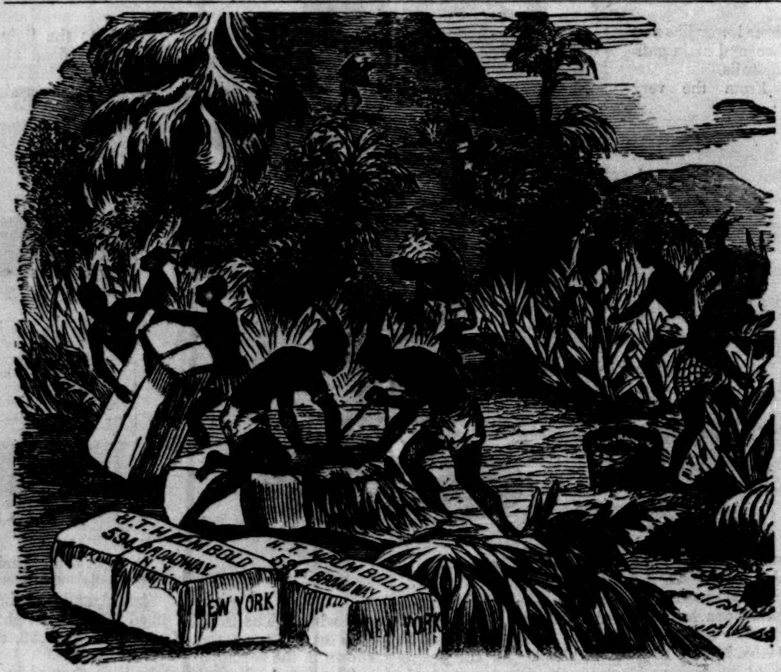

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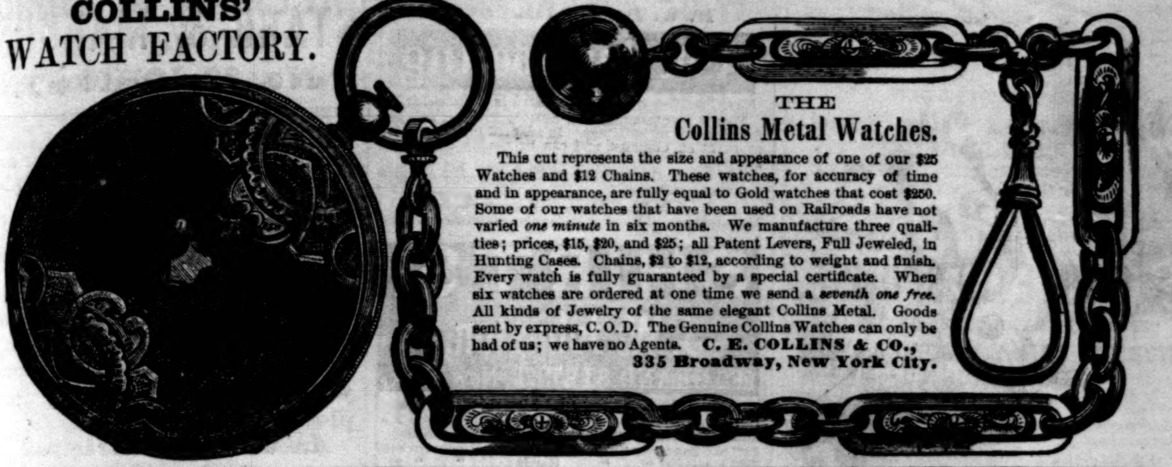

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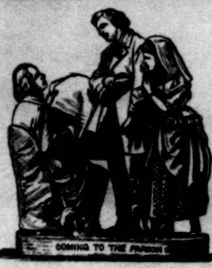

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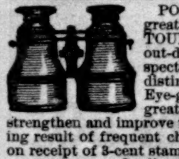

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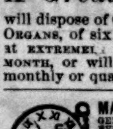

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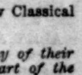

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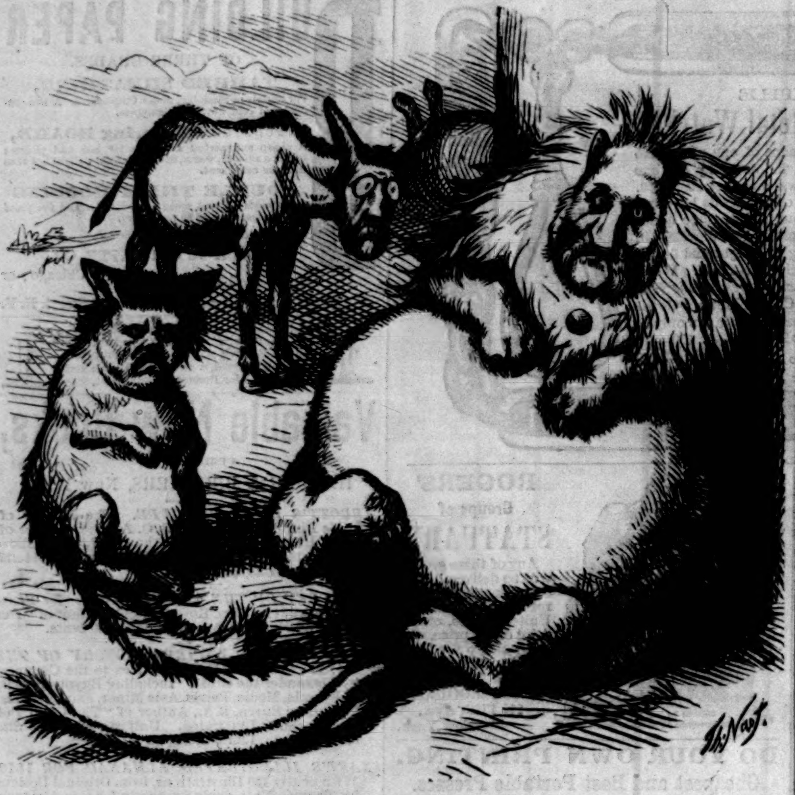

THE LION'S SHARE.

They have all had their share, and it now seems to disagree with them.

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NEW BEDFORD, MASS.,
June 1st, 1867.

Thos. Bennett Jr. Agent
Wamsutta Mills.

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It has been the constant endeavor of our Company for more than twenty years to improve the quality of the goods of our manufacture; so that our fabrics are fully equal to any in the market. We have just completed a New Mill, supplied with machinery of the most approved kinds, and have also added to the machinery in the mills previously built all the latest improvements; so that we are now making our goods finer, heavier, and handsomer than ever before.

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Paris Kid Gloves.

UNION ADAMS & CO.,

637...Broadway...637

Have just opened a beautiful and elegant variety of the celebrated

P. L. AUBERT'S

KID AND DOG-SKIN GLOVES,
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First Premium awarded by American Institute, 1870.

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Full descriptive Pamphlets, Price-List, and samples sent free. Address
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Manufacturer of Roofing Materials, established in 1858.

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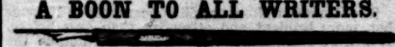
COD LIVER OIL

Is prepared from selected livers, and bottled at Lofoden Islands, Norway. Is the purest, and for limpidity, clearness, and delicacy of taste and smell, is superior to any. Is more readily assimilated and more easily digested than any other Cod-Liver Oil.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

A BOON TO ALL WRITERS.



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TRY ONE.
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Endorsed by the leading Artists, Seminarians, and the Press, as the

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Prices as reasonable and terms as easy as consistent with thorough workmanship.

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Is now regarded as the STANDARD BAKING POWDER, and the best article prepared for making light, wholesome and delicious BISCUITS, ROLLS, BREAD, GRIDDLE and other CAKES, &c., &c.

It is infallible, and always ready for immediate use. The best YEAST POWDER for use on long SEA VOYAGES to ANY PART OF THE GLOBE.

It is convenient and economical. NO WASTE OF FOOD PREPARED WITH IT. Sold everywhere by GROCERS, SHIP-CHANDLERS and DEALERS.

DOOLEY & BROTHER, Manufacturers,
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A BOAT FOR ALL COUNTRIES
JUST OUT
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If your hair is falling out, or growing thin, use one bottle

DR. KENNEDY'S HAIR TEA,

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MAKE A SPECIALTY OF THE
GORHAM M'F'G COMPANY'S
STERLING SILVER-WARE.

Especial attention is requested to the many new and elegant pieces manufactured expressly to our order the past year, and quite recently completed.

An unusually attractive assortment of novelties in fancy silver, cased for wedding gifts, of an inexpensive character.

The works of the Gorham Company are very extensive, enabling them to employ the most accomplished talent in designing, skill in producing, and the best labor-saving machinery and method of manufacture, thus reducing the cost and bringing these beautiful wares within the reach of almost every purchaser.

The standard of this Silver is that of British Sterling, 925-1000.

THE UNIVERSAL *Twine and Thread Cutter* is a neat little device, which may be attached to the coat, vest, lady's dress, or work-box. Saves time, twine, thread, fingers, and teeth. Samples mailed on receipt of 25c. If not satisfactory, money returned.
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A well-tested article of good thickness and durability, suitable for steep or flat roofs. Can be applied by an ordinary mechanic or handy laborer. Send for Circular and samples to E. H. MARTIN,
70 Maiden Lane and 9 Liberty Street, N. Y.

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TWINES and NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,
☞ Send for Price-List.] **Baltimore, Md.**

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Beautifies the complexion by removing Pimples and all other disagreeable disorders of the skin. Twenty-five cents per box.
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1000 Working Drawings, $12, postpaid.
GEO. E. WOODWARD,
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Send for Catalogue of all books on Architecture, Agriculture, Field Sports, and the Horse.

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Read and circulate **D'Aubigne's Great Work,**
HISTORY OF THE
REFORMATION.
And by so doing aid your **COUNTRY, SOCIETY, FREEDOM, RELIGION** and **HUMANITY.** It contains fuller and more reliable information on the subject of Popery than any book published.
AGENTS WANTED in every township.
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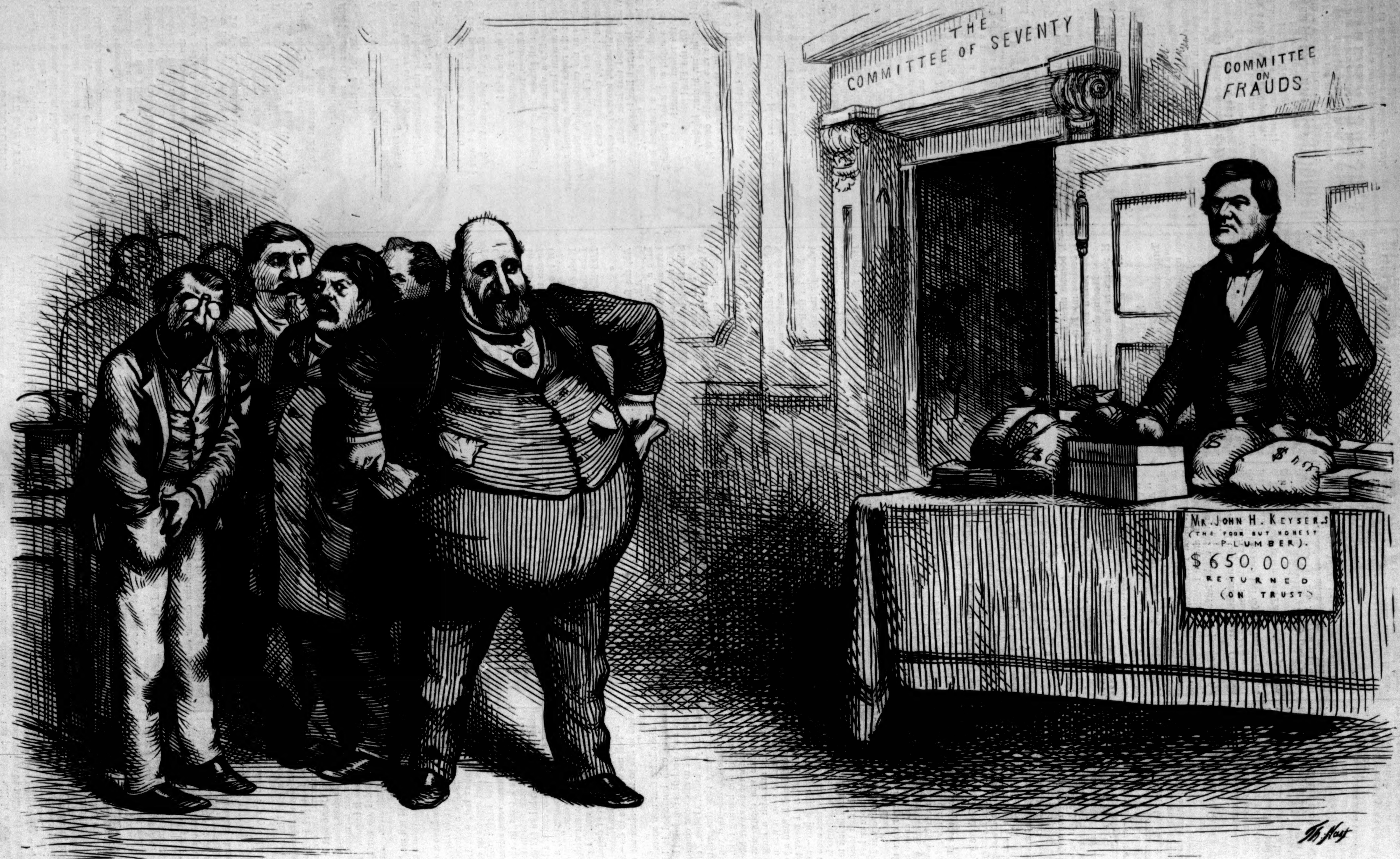
TRANSPARENT GLYCERINE,
A Toilet Soap of unequaled good qualities.
J. C. HULL'S SON, N. Y.

UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER
Removes superfluous hair in **five minutes,** without injury to the skin. Sent by mail for $1 25, by S. C. UPHAM, 106 South Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DRAWING INSTRUMENTS, PAPER, TRACING CLOTH, &c. Send 2 3c. stamps for our catalogue. A. J. BICKNELL & CO., 27 Warren St., New York.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COMMITTEE ON FRAUDS
MR. JOHN H. KEYSER.S (THE POOR BUT HONEST P-LUMBER). $650,000 RETURNED (ON TRUST)

NEXT!

FIRE-PICTURES.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

OH, the rolling, rushing Fire!
Oh, the Fire!
How it rages, wilder, higher,
Like a hot heart's fierce desire,
Thrilled with passion that appalls us,
Half appalls, and yet enthralls us:
Oh, the madly mounting Fire!

Up it sweepeth, wave and quiver,
Roaring like an angry river—
Oh, the Fire!—
Which an earthquake backward turneth,
Backward o'er its river courses,
Backward to its mountain sources,
While the blood-red sunset burneth,
Like a god's face, grand with ire:
Oh, the bursting, billowy Fire!

Now the heavy smoke-clouds thicken
To a dim, Plutonian night:
Oh, the Fire!
How its flickering glories sicken,
Sicken at the blight!
Pales the flame and spreads the vapor,
Till no larger than a taper
Flares the waning, struggling light;
Oh, thou wan, faint-hearted Fire,
Sadly darkling,
Weakly sparkling:
Rise! assert thy might—
Aspire! aspire!

At the word a vivid lightning,
Threatening, swaying, darting, bright'ning,
Where the loftiest yule-log towers,
Bursts once more—
Sudden bursts the awakened Fire.
Hear it roar,
Roar, and mount high, high, and higher,
Till beneath
Only here and there a wreath
Of the passing smoke-cloud lowers;
Ha! the glad, victorious Fire!

Oh, the Fire!
How it changes!
Changes, ranges
Through all phases fancy-wrought!
Changes like a wizard thought.
See! Vesuvian lava rushing
'Twixt the rocks!—the ground asunder
Shivers at the earthquake's thunder;
And the glare of hell is flushing
Startled hill-top, quaking town;
Temples, statues, towers go down,
While beyond that lava flood,
Dark red like blood,
I behold the children fleeting,
Clasped by many a frenzied hand;
What a flight, and *what* a meeting
On the ruined strand!
Oh, the Fire!
Eddying higher, higher, higher,
From those vast volcanic cones;
Oh, the agony, the groans,
Of the thousands stifling there!
Fancy, say you; but how near
Seem the anguish and the fear!

Swelling, turbulent, pitiless Fire!
'Tis a mad northeastern breeze
Raving o'er the prairie seas;
How like living things the grasses
Tremble, as the storm-breath passes,
Ere the flames' devouring magic
Coils about their golden splendor,
And the tender
Glory of the mellowing fields
To the wild Destroyer yields;
Dreadful waste for flowering blooms,
Desolate darkness, like the tomb's,
Over which there broods the while,
Instead of daylight's happy smile,
A pall malign and tragic.

Marvelous Fire!
Changing, ranging
Through all phases, fancy-wrought,
Changing like a charméd thought.
A stir! a murmur deep,
Like airs that rustle over jungle reeds,
When the gaunt tiger breathes, but half asleep:
A bodeful stir!
And then, the victim of his own pure deeds,
I mark the mighty Fire
Clasp in its cruel palms a martyr-saint,
Christ's faithful worshiper:
One mortal cry affronts the pitying Day,
One ghastly arm uplifts itself to heaven:
When the swart smoke is riven,
Ere the last sob of anguish dies away,
The worn limbs droop and faint,
And o'er those reverend hairs, silvered and hoary,
Settles the semblance of a crown of glory!

Tireless Fire!
Still it changes!
Changes, ranges
Through all phases, fancy-fraught;
Changes with the speed of thought:
Here's a glowing, warm interior,
A Dutch tavern, rich and rosy
With deep color—sill and floor
Dazzling as the white sea-shore,
Where within his arm-chair cozy
Sits a toper, stout and yellow,
Blinking o'er his steamy bowl;
Hugely drinking,
Slyly winking,
As the pot-house Hebe passes
With a clink and clang of glasses:
Ah! 'tis plain the stout old fellow,
As his wont is, waxes mellow,
Nodding 'twixt each dreamy leer,
Swaying in his elbow-chair,
Next to one—a portly peasant,
Pipe in hand—whose swelling cheek,
Jolly, rubicund, and sleek,
Puffs above the blazing coal;
While his heavy, half-shut eyes
Watch the smoke-wreaths evanescent
Eddying lightly as they rise,
Eddying lightly and aloof
Toward the great black oaken roof.

Dreaming still, from out the Fire
Faces, grinning and grotesque,
Flash an eerie glance upon me;
Or once more, methinks, I sun me
On the breadths of happy plain
Sloping toward the Southern main,
Where the inmost soul of Shadow
Wins a golden heat,
And the hill-side and the meadow
(Where the vines and clover meet
Twining round the virgins' feet,
While the natural arabesque
Of the foliage grouped above them
Droops, as if the leaves did love them,
Over brow and lips and eyes)
Gleam with hints of paradise.

Ah, the Fire!
Gently glowing,
Fairly flowing,
Like a rivulet rippling deep
Through the meadow-lands of Sleep,
Bordered, when its music swells,
By the languid lotus bells
And the twilight asphodels,
Mingled with a richer boon
Of queen lilies, each a moon
Orbéd into white completeness.
Oh, the perfume, the rare sweetness
Of those grouped and fairy flowers,
Over which the love-lorn Hours
Linger, not alone for *them*,
Though the lotus swings its stem
With a lulling stir of leaves,
Though the lady-lily laves
Coy feet in the crystal waves,
And a silvery under-tune
From some mystic wind-song grieves,
Dainty-sweet, amid the bells
Of the twilight asphodels;
But because a charm more rare
Glorifies the mellow air,
In the gleam of lifted eyes,
In the tranquil ecstasies
Of two lovers, leaf-embowered,
Lingering there,
Each of whose fair lives hath flowered,
Like the lily petals, finely,
Like the asphodels, divinely!

* * * * * * *

Ah, the faint and flickering Fire!
Ah, the Fire!
Like a young man's transient ire,
Like an old man's last desire,
Lo! it falters, dies.
Still, through weary, half-closed lashes,
Still I see
Where the ruddy-breasted flame
Pulsed and panted, went and came;
Still I see,
But brokenly, but mistily,
Fall and rise,
Rise and fall,
Ghosts of shifting fantasy;
Now the embers, smouldered all,
Sink to ruin; sadder dreams
Follow on their vanished gleams;
Wailingly the spirits call,
Spirits on the night-winds solemn,
Wraiths of happy Hopes that left me
(Cruel! why did ye depart?),
Hopes that sleep, their youthful riot
Mergéd in an awful quiet,
With the heavy grief-moulds pressed
On each pallid, pulseless breast
In that grave-yard, called the Heart,
Stern and lone,
Needing no memorial stone,
And no blazoned column.
Let them rest!
Let them rest!
Yes, 'tis useless to remember
May-morn in the mirk December.
Still, O Hopes! because ye were
Beautiful and strong and fair,
Nobly brave and sweetly bright,
Who shall dare
Scorn me, if through moistened lashes,
Musing by my hearth-stone blighted,
Weary, desolate, benighted,
I, because those sweet Hopes left me,
I, because my Fate bereft me,
Mourn my dead—
Mourn, and shed
Hot tears in the ashes?

STROLLERS.

THE orchestra of a strolling theatre has been known to consist of one fiddle only, and he has been required to combine with his musical exertions the discharge of secretarial duties, enlivened by occasional appearances on the stage to strengthen casts or help to fill up the scene. The strollers' band is often of uncertain strength, for when the traveling company meets with misadventure, the orchestra are usually the first to prove unfaithful. They are the Swiss of the troupe. The receipts fail, and the musicians desert. They carry their gifts elsewhere, and seek independent markets. The fairs, the race-courses, the country inn doors, attract the fiddler, and he strolls on his own account when the payment of salaries is suspended. A veteran actor was wont to relate his experiences of fifty years ago as a member of the Stratford-upon-Avon company, when the orchestra consisted only of a fife and tambourine, the instrumentalists performing, as they avowed, "not from notes, but entirely by ear." Presently the company removed to Warwick for the race week. But here the managerial difficulties increased—no band whatever could be obtained! This was the more distressing in that the performances were to be of an illegitimate character: a "famous tight-rope dancer" had been engaged. The dancer at once declared that his exhibition without music was not to be thought of. One of the company thereupon obligingly offered his services. He could play upon the violin—four tunes only. Now, provided an instrument could be borrowed for the occasion, and provided, moreover, the tight-rope artist could dance to the tune of "There's nae luck," or "Drink to me only," or "Away with melancholy," or the "National Anthem," here was a way out of the dilemma, and all might yet be well. Unfortunately a violin was not forthcoming at any price, and the dancer declared himself quite unable to dance to the airs stated! How was faith to be kept with the public? At the last moment a barrel-organ was secured. The organist was a man of resources. In addition to turning the handle of his instrument, he contrived to play the triangles and the Pan-pipes. Here, then, was a full band. The dancer still demurred. He must be assisted by a "clown to the rope," to chalk his soles, amuse the audience while he rested, and perform other useful duties. Another obliging actor volunteered his help. He would, "by special desire, and on this occasion only," appear as a clown. So having played Pangloss in the "Heir-at-Law," the first piece, he exchanged his doctorial costume for a suit of motley, and the performance "drew forth," as subsequent play-bills stated, "universal and reiterated bursts of applause from a crowded and elegant audience." The experiment of the barrel-organ orchestra was not often repeated. The band of the Leamington Theatre was lent to the Warwick House, the distance between the establishments being only two miles. The Leamington audience were provided with music at the commencement of the evening only; the Warwick play-goers dispensed with orchestral accompaniments until a later period in the performances.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LII.

"A CHANCE AGREEMENT."

As Dick Kearney and young O'Shea had never attained any close intimacy, a strange sort of half jealousy, inexplicable as to its cause, served to keep them apart; it was by mere accident that the two young men met one morning after breakfast in the garden, and on Kearney's offer of a cigar, the few words that followed led to a conversation:

"I can not pretend to give you a choice Havana, like one of Walpole's," said Dick, "but you'll perhaps find it smokable."

"I'm not difficult," said the other; "and as to Mr. Walpole's tobacco, I don't think I ever tasted it."

"And I," rejoined the other, "as seldom as I could—I mean, only when politeness obliged me."

"I thought you liked him?" said Gorman, shortly.

"I? Far from it. I thought him a consummate puppy, and I saw that he looked down on us as inveterate savages."

"He was a favorite with your ladies, I think?"

"Certainly not with my sister, and I doubt very much with my cousin. Did *you* like him?"

"No, not at all; but then he belongs to a class of men I neither understand nor sympathize with. Whatever *I* know of life is associated with downright hard work. As a soldier, I had my five hours' daily drill and the care of my equipments; as a lieutenant, I had to see that my men kept to their duty, and whenever I chanced to have a little leisure I could not give it up to *ennui*, or consent to feel bored and wearied."

"And do you mean to say you had to groom your horse and clean your arms when you served in the ranks?"

"Not always. As a cadet, I had a soldier-servant—what we call a 'Bursche'—but there were periods when I was out of funds, and barely able to grope my way to the next quarter-day, and at these times I had but one meal a day, and was obliged to draw my waist-belt pretty tight to make me feel I had eaten enough. A Bursche costs very little, but I could not spare even that little."

"Confoundedly hard, that."

"All my own fault. By a little care and foresight, even without thrift, I had enough to live as well as I ought; but a reckless dash of the old spendthrift blood I came of would master me now and then, and I'd launch out into some extravagance that would leave me penniless for months after."

"I believe I can understand that. One does get horribly bored by the monotony of a well-to-do existence: just as I feel my life here—almost insupportable."

"But you are going into Parliament; you are going to be a great public man."

"That bubble has burst already; don't you know what happened at Birr? They tore down all Miller's notices and mine; they smashed our booths, beat our voters out of the town, and placed Donogan—the rebel Donogan—at the head of the poll, and the head-centre is now M.P. for King's County."

"And has he a right to sit in the House?"

"There's the question. The matter is discussed every day in the newspapers, and there are as many for as against him. Some aver that the popular will is a sovereign edict that rises above all eventualities; others assert that the sentence which pronounces a man a felon declares him to be dead in law."

"And which side do you incline to?"

"I believe in the latter; he'll not be permitted to take his seat."

"You'll have another chance, then?"

"No; I'll venture no more. Indeed, but for this same man, Donogan, I had never thought of it. He filled my head with ideas of a great part to be played, and a proud place to be occupied; and that, even without high abilities, a man of a strong will, a fixed resolve, and an honest conscience might, at this time, do great things for Ireland."

"And then betrayed you?"

"No such thing: he no more dreamed of Parliament himself than you do now. He knew he was liable to the law, he was hiding from the police, and well aware that there was a price upon his head."

"But if he was true to you, why did he not refuse this honor? why did he not decline to be elected?"

"They never gave him the choice. Don't you see it is one of the strange signs of the times we are living in that the people fix upon certain men as their natural leaders, and compel them to march in the van, and that it is the force at the back of these leaders that, far more than their talents, makes them formidable in public life?"

"I only follow it in part. I scarcely see what they aim at, and I do not know if they see it more clearly themselves. And now what will you turn to?"

"I wish you could tell me."

"About as blank a future as my own!" muttered Gorman.

"Come, come, *you* have a career: you are a lieutenant of lancers; in time you will be a captain, and eventually a colonel, and who knows but a general at last, with Heaven knows how many crosses and medals on your breast?"

"Nothing less likely: the day is gone by when Englishmen were advanced to places of high honor and trust in the Austrian army. There are no more field-marshals like Nugent than major-generals like O'Connell. I might be made a drill-meister, and if I lived long enough, and was not superannuated, a major; but there my ambition must cease."

"And you are content with that prospect?"

"Of course I am not. I go back to it with something little short of despair."

"Why go back, then?"

"Tell me what else to do—tell me what other road in life to take—show me even one alternative."

The silence that now succeeded lasted several minutes, each immersed in his own thoughts, and each doubtless convinced how little presumption he had to advise or counsel the other.

"Do you know, O'Shea," cried Kearney, "I used to fancy that this Austrian life of yours was a mere caprice—that you took 'a cast,' as we call it in the hunting field, among those fellows, to see what they were like and what sort of an existence was theirs—but that being your aunt's heir, and with a snug estate that must one day come to you, it was a mere 'lark,' and not to be continued beyond a year or two?"

"Not a bit of it. I never presumed to think I should be my aunt's heir—and now less than ever. Do you know that even the small pension she has allowed me hitherto is now about to be withdrawn, and I shall be left to live on my pay?"

"How much does that mean?"

"A few pounds more or less than you pay for your saddle-horse at livery at Dycers'."

"You don't mean that?"

"I do mean it, and even that beggarly pittance is stopped when I am on my leave; so that at this moment my whole worldly wealth is here," and he took from his pocket a handful of loose coin, in which a few gold pieces glittered amidst a mass of discolored and smooth-looking silver.

"On my oath, I believe you are the richer man of the two," cried Kearney; "for except a few half crowns on my dressing-table, and some coppers, I don't believe I am master of a coin with the Queen's image."

"I say, Kearney, what a horrible take-in we should prove to mothers with daughters to marry!"

"Not a bit of it. You may impose upon any one else—your tailor, your boot-maker, even the horsey gent that jobs your cabriolet, but you'll never cheat the mamma who has a daughter on sale."

Gorman could not help laughing at the more than ordinary irritability with which these words were spoken, and charged him at last with having uttered a personal experience.

"True, after all!" said Dick, half indolently. "I used to spoon a pretty girl up in Dublin, ride with her when I could, and dance with her at all the balls; and a certain chum of mine, a Joe Atlee—of whom you may have heard—undertook, simply by a series of artful rumors as to my future prospects, now extolling me as a man of fortune and a fine estate, to-morrow exhibiting me as a mere pretender with a mock title and mock income, to determine how I should be treated in this family; and he would say to me, 'Dick, you are going to be asked to dinner on Saturday next;' or, 'I say, old fellow, they're going to leave you out of that picnic at Powles Court. You'll find the Clanceys rather cold at your next meeting.'"

"And he would be right in his guess?"

"To the letter! Ay, and I shame to say that the young girl answered the signal as promptly as the mother."

"I hope it cured you of your passion?"

"I don't know that it did. When you begin to like a girl, and find that she has regularly installed herself in a corner of your heart, there is scarcely a thing she can do you'll not discover a good reason for, and even when your ingenuity fails, go and pay a visit; there is some artful witchery in that creation you have built up about her—for I heartily believe most of us are merely clothing a sort of lay figure of loveliness with attributes of our fancy—and the end of it is, we are about as wise about our idols as the South Sea savages in their homage to the gods of their own carving."

"I don't think that!" said Gorman, sternly. "I could no more invent the fascination that charms me than I could model a Venus or an Ariadne."

"I see where your mistake lies. You do all this, and never know you do it. Mind, I am only giving you Joe Atlee's theory all this time; for, though I believe in, I never invented it."

"And who is Atlee?"

"A chum of mine—a clever dog enough—who, as he says himself, takes a very low opinion of mankind, and, in consequence, finds this a capital world to live in."

"I should hate the fellow."

"Not if you met him. He can be very companionable, though I never saw any one take less trouble to please. He is popular almost every where."

"I know I should hate him."

"My cousin Nina thought the same, and declared from the mere sight of his photograph that he was false and treacherous, and Heaven knows what else besides, and now she'll not suffer a word in his disparagement. She began exactly as you say you would, by a strong prejudice against him. I remember, the day he came down here, her manner toward him was more than distant, and I told my sister Kate how it offended me, and Kate only smiled and said, 'Have a little patience, Dick.'"

"And you took the advice? You did have a little patience?"

"Yes; and the end is, they are firm friends. I'm not sure they don't correspond."

"Is there love in the case, then?"

"That is what I can not make out. So far as I know either of them, there is no trustfulness in their dispositions; each of them must see into the nature of the other. I have heard Joe Atlee say, 'With that woman for a wife, a man might safely bet on his success in life.' And she herself one day owned, 'If a girl was obliged to marry a man without sixpence, she might take Atlee.'"

"So—I have it; they will be man and wife yet!"

"Who knows! Have another weed?"

Gorman declined the offered cigar, and again a pause in the conversation followed. At last he suddenly said, "She told me she thought she would marry Walpole."

"She told *you* that? How did it come about to make *you* such a confidence?"

"Just this way: I was getting a little—not spooney, but attentive, and rather liked hanging after her, and in one of our walks in the wood—and there was no flirting at the time between us—she suddenly said, 'I don't think you are half a bad fellow, lieutenant.' 'Thanks for the compliment,' said I, coldly. She never heeded my remark, but went on. 'I mean, in fact, that if you had something to live for, and somebody to care about, there is just the sort of stuff in you to make you equal to both.' Not exactly knowing what I said, and half, only half in earnest, I answered, 'Why can I not have one to care for?' And I looked tenderly into her eyes as I spoke. She did not wince under my glance. Her face was calm, and her color did not change, and she was full a minute before she said, with a faint sigh, 'I suppose I shall marry Cecil Walpole.' 'Do you mean,' said I, 'against your will?' 'Who told you I had a will, Sir?' said she, haughtily; 'or that if I had, I should now be walking here in this wood alone with you? No, no,' added she, hurriedly, 'you can not understand me. There is nothing to be offended at. Go and gather me some of those wild flowers, and we'll talk of something else.'"

"How like her!—how like her!" said Dick, and then looked sad and pondered. "I was very near falling in love with her myself," said he, after a considerable pause.

"She has a way of curing a man if he should get into such an indiscretion," muttered Gorman; and there was bitterness in his voice as he spoke.

"Listen! listen to that!" and from the open window of the house there came the prolonged cadence of a full, sweet voice, as Nina was singing an Irish ballad air. "That's for my father: 'Kathleen Mavourneen' is one of his favorites, and she can make him cry over it."

"I'm not very soft-hearted," muttered Gorman, "but she gave me such a sense of fullness in the throat, like choking, the other day, that I vowed to myself I'd never listen to that song again."

"It is not her voice—it is not the music; there is some witchery in the woman herself that does it!" cried Dick, almost fiercely. "Take a walk with her in the wood, saunter down one of these alleys in the garden, and I'll be shot if your heart will not begin to beat in another fashion, and your brain to weave all sorts of bright fancies, in which she will form the chief figure, and though you'll be half inclined to declare your love, and swear that you can not live without her, some terror will tell you not to break the spell of your delight, but to go on walking there at her side and hearing her words just as though that ecstasy could last forever."

"I suspect you are in love with her," said O'Shea, dryly.

"Not now, not now: and I'll take care not to have a relapse," said he, gravely.

"How do you mean to manage that?"

"The only one way it is possible—not to see her, nor to hear her; not to live in the same land with her. I have made up my mind to go to Australia. I don't well know what to do when I get there; but whatever it be, and whatever it cost me to bear, I shall meet it without shrinking, for there will be no old associates to look on and remark upon my shabby clothes and broken boots."

"What will the passage cost you?" asked Gorman, eagerly.

"I have ascertained that for about fifty pounds I can land myself in Melbourne, and if I have a ten-pound note after, it is as much as I mean to provide."

"If I can raise the money, I'll go with you," said O'Shea.

"Will you? is this serious? is it a promise?"

"I pledge my word on it. I'll go over to the Barn to-day and see my aunt. I thought, up to this, I could not bring myself to go there, but I will now. It is for the last time in my life, and I must say good-by, whether she helps me or not."

"You'll scarcely like to ask her for money," said Dick.

"Scarcely—at all events I'll see her, and I'll tell her that I'm going away, with no other thought in my mind than of all the love and affection she had for me—worse luck mine that I have not got them still."

"Shall I walk over with— Would you rather be alone?"

"I believe so; I think I should like to be alone."

"Let us meet, then, on this spot to-morrow, and decide what is to be done?"

"Agreed," cried O'Shea; and with a warm shake-hands to ratify the pledge, they parted; Dick walking toward the lower part of the garden, while O'Shea turned toward the house.

HOME TRAINING.

THE training of any man, even the wisest, can not fail to be powerfully influenced by the moral surroundings of his early years. He comes into the world helpless, and absolutely dependent upon those about him for nurture and culture. From the very first breath that he draws his education begins. When a mother once asked a clergyman when she should begin the education of her child, then four years old, he replied: "Madam, if you have not begun already, you have lost those four years. From the first smile that gleams upon an infant's cheek your opportunity begins."

The child is, as it were, laid at the gate of a new world, and opens his eyes upon things all of which are full of novelty and wonderment. At first it is enough for him to gaze; but by-and-by he begins to see, to observe, to compare, to learn, to store up impressions and ideas; and under wise guidance the progress which he makes is really wonderful. Lord Brougham has observed that between the ages of eighteen and thirty months a child learns more of the material world, of his own powers, of the nature of other bodies, and even of his own mind and other minds, than he acquires in all the rest of his life. The knowledge which a child accumulates, and the ideas generated in his mind, during this period are so important that if we could imagine them to be afterward obliterated, all the learning of a senior wrangler at Cambridge or a first-classman at Oxford, would be as nothing to it, and would literally not enable its object to prolong his existence for a week. Homes, the nurseries of children who grow up into men and women, will be good or bad according to the power that governs them. Where the spirit of love and duty pervades the home, where head and heart bear rule wisely there, where the daily life is honest and virtuous, where the government is sensible, kind, and loving—then may we expect from such a home an issue of healthy, useful, and happy beings, capable, as they gain the requisite strength, of following the footsteps of their parents, of walking uprightly, governing themselves wisely, and contributing to the welfare of those about them.

One good mother, said George Herbert, is worth a hundred school-masters. In the home she is "loadstone to all hearts, and loadstar to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation, which Bacon likens to "a globe of precepts." But example is far more than precept. It is instruction in action. It is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of bad example the best of precepts are of but little avail. The example is followed, not the precepts. Indeed, precept at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach the most cowardly of vices—hypocrisy. Even children are judges of consistency, and the lessons of the parent who says one thing and does the opposite are quickly seen through. The teaching of the friar was not worth much who preached the virtue of honesty with a stolen goose in his sleeve.

Woman, above all other educators, educates humanly. Man is the brain, but woman is the heart of humanity; he its judgment, she its feeling; he its strength, she its grace, ornament, and solace. Even the understanding of the best woman seems to work mainly through her affections. And thus, though man may direct the intellect, woman cultivates the feelings, which mainly determine the character. While he fills the memory, she occupies the heart. She makes us love what he can only make us believe, and it is chiefly through her that we are enabled to arrive at virtue.

The respective influences of the father and the mother on the training and development of character are remarkably illustrated in the life of St. Augustine. While Augustine's father, a poor freeman of Thagaste, proud of his son's abilities, endeavored to furnish his mind with the highest learning of the schools, and was extolled by his neighbors for the sacrifices he made with that object "beyond the ability of his means," his mother, Monica, on the other hand, sought to lead her son's mind in the direction of the highest good, and with pious care counseled him, entreated him, advised him to chastity, and, amidst much anguish and tribulation because of his wicked life, never ceased to pray for him until her prayers were heard and answered. Thus her love at last triumphed, and the patience and goodness of the mother were rewarded not only by the conversion of her gifted son, but also of her husband. Later in life, and after her husband's death, Monica, drawn by her affection, followed her son to Milan to watch over him; and there she died when he was in his thirty-third year. But it was in the earlier period of his life that her example and instruction made the deepest impression upon his mind, and determined his future character.

There are many similar instances of early impressions made upon a child's mind springing up into good acts late in life, after an intervening period of selfishness and vice. Parents may do all that they can to develop an upright and virtuous character in their children, and apparently in vain. It seems like bread cast upon the waters and lost. And yet sometimes it happens that long after the parents have gone to their rest—it may be twenty years or more—the good precept, the good example set before their sons and daughters in childhood, spring up and bear fruit.

One of the most remarkable of such instances was that of the Reverend John Newton, of Olney, the friend of Cowper the poet. It was long subsequent to the death of both his parents, and after leading a vicious life as a youth and as a seaman, that he became suddenly awakened to a sense of his depravity; and then it was that the lessons which his mother had given him when a child sprang up vividly in his memory. Her voice came to him, as it were, from the dead, and led him gently back to virtue and goodness.

Another instance is that of John Randolph, the American statesman, who once said, "I should have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection—and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father who art in heaven!'"

Napoleon Bonaparte was accustomed to say that "the future good or bad conduct of a child depended entirely on the mother." He himself attributed his rise in life in a great measure to the training of his will, his energy, and his self-control, by his mother at home. "Nobody had any command over him," says one of his biographers, "except his mother, who found means, by a mixture of tenderness, severity, and justice, to make him love, respect, and obey her: from her he learned the virtue of obedience."

The greater part of the influence exercised by women on the formation of character necessarily remains unknown. They accomplish their best work in the quiet seclusion of the home and the family, by sustained effort and patient perseverance in the path of duty. Their greatest triumphs, because private and domestic, are rarely recorded; and it is not often, even in the biographies of distinguished men, that we hear of the share which their mothers have had in the formation of their character, and in giving them a bias toward goodness. Yet are they not on that account without their reward. The influence they have exercised, though unrecorded, lives after them, and goes on propagating itself in consequences forever.

We do not often hear of great women, as we do of great men. It is of good women that we mostly hear; and it is probable that by determining the character of men and women for good they are doing even greater work than if they were to paint great pictures, write great books, or compose great operas. "It is quite true," said Joseph de Maistre, "that women have produced no *chefs-d'œuvre*. They have written no 'Iliad,' nor 'Jerusalem Delivered,' nor 'Hamlet,' nor 'Phædre,' nor 'Paradise Lost,' nor 'Tartuffe;' they have designed no Church of St. Peter's, composed no 'Messiah,' carved no 'Apollo Belvedere,' painted no 'Last Judgment;' they have invented neither algebra, nor telescopes, nor steam-engines; but they have done something far greater and better than all this, for it is at their knees that upright and virtuous men and women have been trained—the most excellent productions in the world."

De Maistre, in his letters and writings, speaks of his own mother with immense love and reverence. Her noble character made all other women venerable in his eyes. He described her as his "sublime mother"—"an angel to whom God had lent a body for a brief season." To her he attributed the bent of his character, and all his bias toward good; and when he had grown to mature years, while acting as embassador at the court of St. Petersburg, he referred to her noble example and precepts as the ruling influence in his life.

One of the most charming features in the character of Samuel Johnson, notwithstanding his rough and shaggy exterior, was the tenderness with which he invariably spoke of his mother—a woman of strong understanding, who firmly implanted in his mind, as he himself acknowledges, his first impressions of religion. He was accustomed, even in the time of his greatest difficulties, to contribute largely out of his slender means to her comfort; and one of his last acts of filial duty was to write "Rasselas" for the purpose of paying her little debts and defraying her funeral charges.

George Washington was only eleven years of age—the eldest of five children—when his father died, leaving his mother a widow. She was a woman of rare excellence, full of resources, a good woman of business, an excellent manager, and possessed of much strength of character. She had her children to educate and bring up, a large household to govern, and extensive estates to manage—all of which she accomplished with complete success. Her good sense, assiduity, tenderness, industry, and vigilance enabled her to overcome every obstacle; and as the richest reward of her solicitude and toil, she had the happiness to see all her children come forward with a fair promise into life, filling the spheres allotted to them in a manner equally honorable to themselves and to the parent who had been the only guide of their principles, conduct, and habits.

The biographer of Cromwell says little about the Protector's father, but dwells upon the character of his mother, whom he describes as a woman of rare vigor and decision of purpose: "A woman," he says, "possessed of the glorious faculty of self-help when other assistance failed her; ready for the demands of fortune in its extremest adverse turn; of spirit and energy equal to her mildness and patience; who, with the labor of her own hands, gave dowries to five daughters sufficient to marry them into families as honorable but more wealthy than their own; whose single pride was honesty, and whose passion was love; who preserved in the gorgeous palace at Whitehall the simple tastes that distinguished her in the old brewery at Huntingdon; and whose only care, amidst all her splendor, was for the safety of her son in his dangerous eminence."

We have spoken of the mother of Napoleon Bonaparte as a woman of great force of character. Not less so was the mother of the Duke of Wellington, whom her son strikingly resembled in features, person, and character; while his father was principally distinguished as a musical composer and performer. But, strange to say, Wellington's mother mistook him for a dunce; and, for some reason or other, he was not such a favorite as her other children, until his great deeds in after-life constrained her to be proud of him.

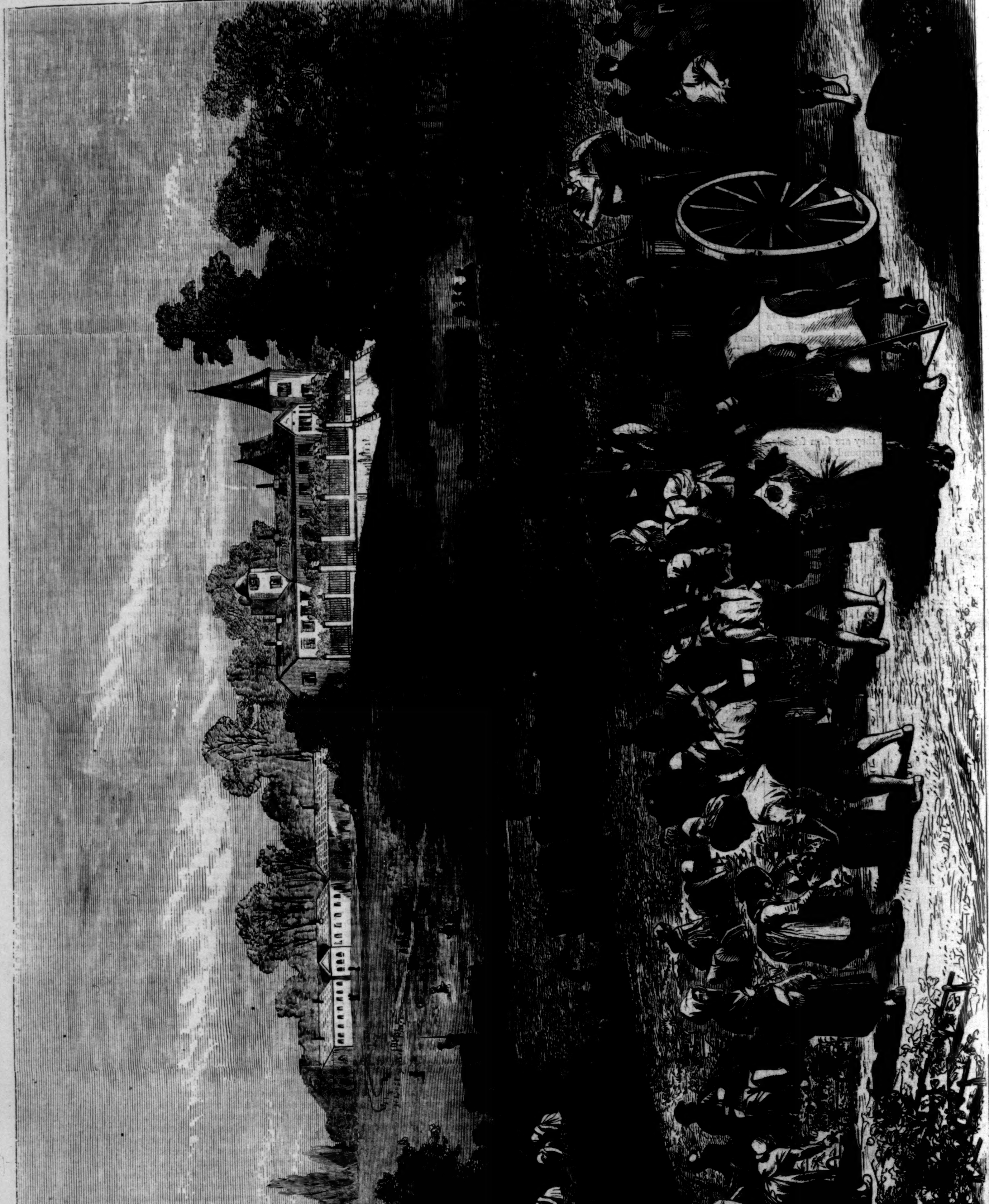
The Napiers were blessed in both parents, but especially in their mother, Lady Sarah Lennox, who early sought to inspire her sons' minds with elevating thoughts, admiration of noble deeds, and a chivalrous spirit, which became embodied in their lives, and continued to sustain them until death in the path of duty and of honor.

Canning's mother was an Irishwoman of great natural ability, for whom her gifted son entertained the greatest love and respect to the close of his career. She was a woman of no ordinary intellectual power. "Indeed," says Canning's biographer, "were we not otherwise assured of the fact from direct sources, it would be impossible to contemplate his profound and touching devotion to her without being led to conclude that the object of such unchanging attachment must have been possessed of rare and commanding qualities. She was esteemed by the circle in which she lived as a woman of great mental energy. Her conversation was animated and vigorous, and marked by a distinct originality of manner and a choice of topics fresh and striking, and out of the commonplace routine. To persons who were but slightly acquainted with her, the energy of her manner had even something of the air of eccentricity."

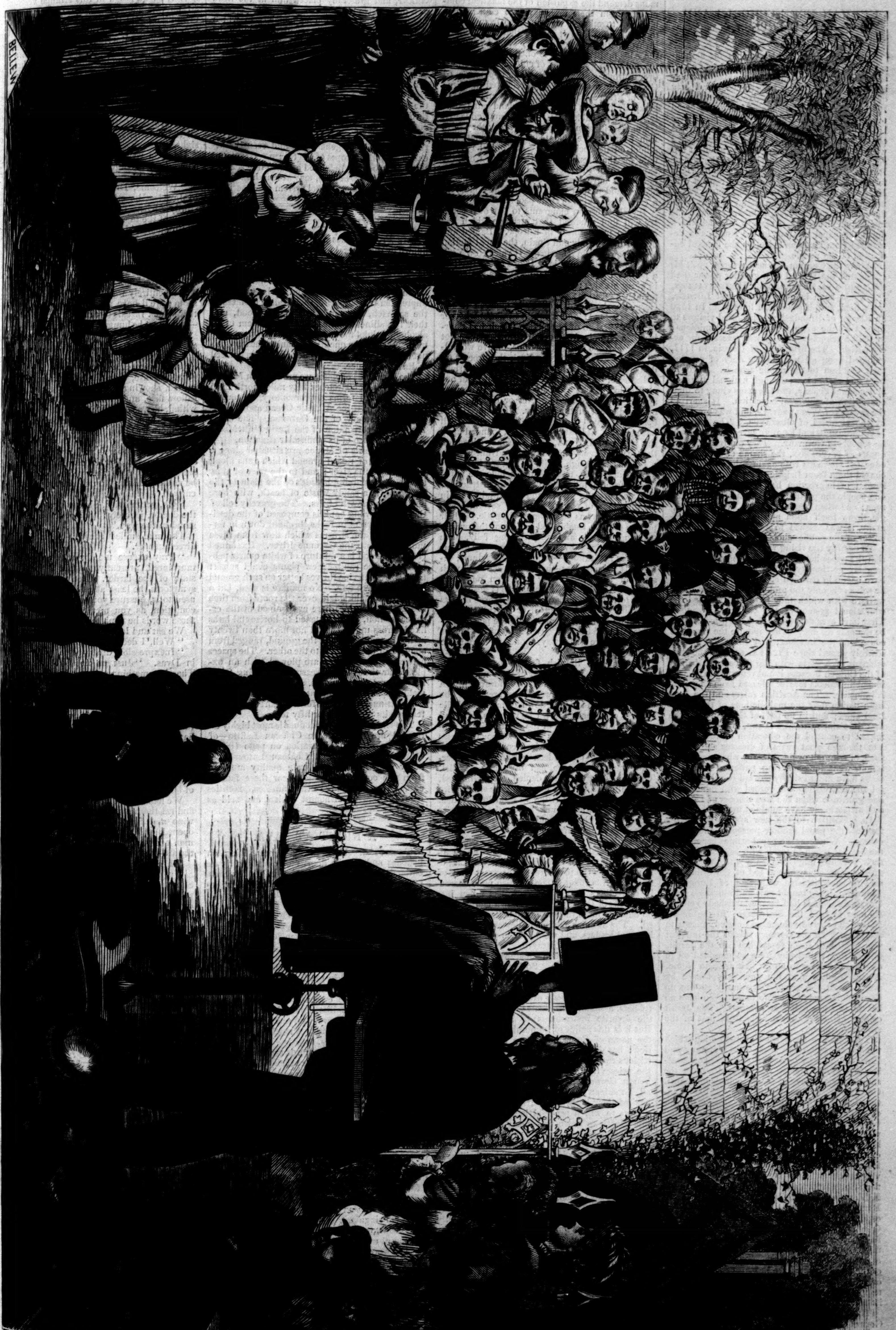
Curran speaks with great affection of his mother as a woman of strong, original understanding, to whose wise counsel, consistent piety, and lessons of honorable ambition, which she diligently enforced on the minds of her children, he himself principally attributed his success in life. "The only inheritance," he used to say, "that I could boast of from my poor father was the very scanty one of an unattractive face and person, like his own; and if the world has ever attributed to me something more valuable than face or person, or than earthly wealth, it was that another and a dearer parent gave her child a portion from the treasure of her mind."

When ex-President Adams was present at the examination of a girls' school at Boston, he was presented by the pupils with an address which deeply affected him; and in acknowledging it he took the opportunity of referring to the lasting influence which womanly training and association had exercised upon his own life and character. "As a child," he said, "I enjoyed perhaps the greatest of blessings that can be bestowed on man—that of a mother who was anxious and capable to form the characters of her children rightly. From her I derived whatever instruction (religious especially, and moral) has pervaded a long life—I will not say perfectly, or as it ought to be; but I will say, because it is only justice to the memory of her I revere, that in the course of that life, whatever imperfection there has been, or deviation from what she taught me, the fault is mine, and not hers."

The Wesleys were peculiarly linked to their parents by natural piety, though the mother, rather than the father, influenced their minds and developed their characters. The father was a man of strong will, but occasionally harsh and tyrannical in his dealings with his family; while the mother, with much strength of understanding and ardent love of truth, was gentle, persuasive, affectionate, and simple. She was the teacher and cheerful companion of her children, who gradually became moulded by her example. It was through the bias given by her to her sons' minds in religious matters that they acquired the tendency which, even in early years, drew to them the name of Methodists. In a letter to her son Samuel Wesley, when a scholar at Westminster in 1709, she said, "I would advise you as much as possible to throw your business into a certain *method*, by which means you will learn to improve every precious moment, and find an unspeakable facility in the performance of your respective duties." This "method" she went on to describe, exhorting her son "in all things to act upon principle;" and the society which the brothers John and Charles afterward founded at Oxford is supposed to have been in a great measure the result of her exhortations.



THE VINTAGE IN MEDOC, FRANCE—THE VINEYARDS OF CHÂTEAU LAFITTE.—[SEE PAGE 1070.]



PHOTOGRAPHING THE SCHOOL.—[See "German Free Schools and the Popes," on Page 1070.]

GERMAN FREE SCHOOLS AND THE POPES.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

Such is the unity of history that for a thousand years Germany has been the centre of a vigorous contest—often sinking into apparent quiet, and then rising to new importance—for liberty of thought against the repressive superstitions of Rome. Its teeming population has never ceased to claim the right to teach itself; the popes have labored as assiduously to become its only teachers. Charlemagne and his free schools opposed with ridicule and argument the adoration of images; his feeble successors yielded to the arts of Rome. Henry IV. demanded German priests for Germany, and waged a doubtful contest with Hildebrand. The acute and intellectual Frederick was the foe and the victim of priestly influence. Tauler, Huss, Jerome, renewed the intellectual struggle. At length Luther struck down the papal tyranny in the North, and demanded from kings and electors the general education of the people.

Slowly the German free schools grew up at his command, the symbol of a grander power than the sceptre of Hapsburg or Hohenstaufen. "I would have in every town," said Luther, "a school, and, if possible, a library." In 1540 an Elector of Brandenburg appointed visitors to inspect all the town schools of his dominions; in 1573 a school-committee was selected for every parish. The first King of Prussia, in 1717, enjoined upon all parents the duty of sending their children to the public schools. Through wars and revolutions, through national disasters and general dismay, the Germans clung to their conception of universal education. It survived the ravages of Wallenstein, and was preserved by the victories of Gustavus. The arms of Marlborough and Eugene saved again the public schools of Germany. They outlived the conquests of Napoleon, the shame of Jena. The educated Germans rose against the French, and chased them from Leipsic to Paris. A common system of instruction has at last blended into one people the prolific population of central Europe; and when imperial France, in a final struggle, threw itself upon apparently divided Germany, it was dashed to pieces by the unseen power of the public school.

To destroy the rising vigor of German education the popes have labored for generations with singular pertinacity. The contest which they have begun in our own country against the public schools is only the prolongation of that bitter warfare with which they have ever assailed the educational system of the German reformers. They have ever demanded that the priest should be the only teacher. They require the complete control of the intellect; and three years have scarcely passed since Pius IX. assailed the government of Austria with the fiercest anathemas of the Church because it had ventured to declare its public schools forever released from all priestly influence. The Austrian rulers and the Austrian nation defy the maledictions of their spiritual chief; and in no part of Germany, for the first time since Charlemagne, is the pope permitted to control the education of the people. Yet through what years of disaster and bloodshed, of triumph or despair—by what stern resolution, what long-suffering patience—the Germans have moved slowly onward to this wonderful success, history will record with admiration and gratitude when the free schools of Luther and of Germany have subdued mankind.

In opposition to the new system of the reformers the papal faction presented the Jesuit college. Wherever the papal armies penetrated, the Jesuits began to teach with eagerness. Yet their teaching might compare with that of Luther's schools as the method of the Chinese is said to be contrasted with that of Europe or America. They taught only an immutable past. Luther's schools had been established to enable all men to read the Scriptures; in the Jesuit college the sacred volume was closed, except to the priest. In the German school the intellect was incited to fresh researches; in the Jesuit, history and philosophy were so moulded as to offer no obstacles to an implicit faith in Rome. Abject obedience to the pope was taught by every Jesuit. A purer Christianity sprang up from the lessons of the reformers. We have no leisure to trace a longer contrast. The Jesuit college of to-day differs little from that of the sixteenth century.

Yet such was the system of instruction which the popes resolved to force upon Germany and Europe. In every crusade against Protestantism the Jesuit college was planted amidst the smouldering ruins of each conquered town. Charles V. ravaged Germany to destroy its national schools; Philip II. and Parma established the Jesuits amidst the ruins of Antwerp and Ghent; Wallenstein desolated a prosperous empire that men might cease to learn; Jesuit colleges grew up into baleful luxuriance, after the expulsion of the Huguenots, over wasted France; for nearly a century after the death of Galileo it was taught in every Romish lecture-room that the sun moved around the earth; when Louis XIV. ravaged the cities of the Rhine, he forced Romish schools upon the ancient seats of Protestantism; when Napoleon III. approached the German border, it seemed for a moment doubtful whether Jesuit colleges and papal ignorance might not once more be entailed for generations upon Austria and Bavaria, nor was the triumph of the free school secure in Europe until its army of scholars passed the walls of Paris, and the temporal power of the papacy had fallen with its last supporter.

The contest with the pope seems ended, and Germany has won, by a remarkable struggle, the right to teach itself. The Jesuit colleges have been suppressed in Italy and Rome; the Germans demand the expulsion of the fanatical community from their midst; a free education is blending together a vigorous race from Vienna to the Baltic; and it is said that the teeming hive of nations, which has so often overflowed the Alps and the Rhine, is once more preparing to send forth its streams of cultivated emigrants over Europe and America. The population of Germany increases with unprecedented rapidity; that of France scarcely increases at all; Ireland is rapidly losing in numbers; England gains slowly. It is probable that the busy and educated Germans will soon fill up the territory they have won from France, and plant the German free school on its ancient seat. It would be fortunate for the French could they learn from the experience of their foes, and employ the revenues they have heretofore wasted upon fleets, armies, and a vain pursuit of military glory in a careful education of their people.

But the German emigrants to our own country will find renewed that struggle which has ended so prosperously in Europe. Baffled and overthrown in Italy and Spain, the papal faction is still powerful in America. It rules New York and alarms Philadelphia. It has allied itself to a powerful political party; its agents are active in every election; it aims its chief blows against popular education; as in the earlier contests of Germany, the Jesuit college is opposed to the common school; and it is still in doubt whether that wide system of instruction which has flourished so signally from ocean to ocean may not sink amidst the strife of factions, or live wounded and decaying. In New York the process of destruction has already begun. The malarious influence of Rome has touched the sources of our civilization. The ruin of the common-school system has become the secret or open aim of every adherent of the papacy. The question is openly presented to the people whether they will have schools, at least in large part, founded upon the policy of Loyola, or a national education that teaches freedom, union, and advance.

Singularly enough, while all Europe has, with a rare unanimity, resolved to exclude the papal faction from all influence over public instruction, in New York the priests and the Jesuits rule in all questions of education. For several years their influence has been almost despotic. Their private schools, established to destroy the public, teaching bigotry and perpetuating folly, have been maintained by a tax on the city; their countless institutions—protectories, asylums, cathedrals, monasteries—have been endowed with some of the most costly lands on our busy streets. The bankrupt treasury has been plundered to found sectarian charities, whose objects were already better fulfilled or provided for by the public almshouse; and while the poor laborer was deprived by the city official of his honest earnings, there was always money in abundance for the priest.

Nor has the Romish faction been ungrateful. Suddenly, in the midst of their undisputed rule, when the city seemed sunk forever into a vassal of the pope, it was discovered that the officials who had loaded down so many Catholic colleges or cathedrals with lavish gifts, who had squandered the wealth of the community in preposterous improvements and enormous salaries and bribes, were engaged in a course of peculation to which no modern nation, except, perhaps, imperial France, can offer any parallel. The frauds were at first denied, then admitted, then palliated, but are every day swelling with new discoveries, and rising to fatal importance. Future generations must suffer, the prosperity of the city be checked and blighted, because the adherents of the infallible pope have controlled the elections of New York. But the dishonesty of their official favorites has awakened no disapprobation in the Romish faction. A few Catholics denounce the plunderers; the great body of the Church is silent. The Romish press scarcely remembers that New York has fallen into the hands of thieves. The Romish clergy make no effort to undo the wrongs they have occasioned. The Romish faction rallies around its dishonored leaders, and would again place them in the trusts they have betrayed.

Such blindness, such madness, has always marked a priestly rule. So long as the Church prospers, what does it matter that the people are ruined? The Italian priest considers no interest except that of the body over which he presides; robbers, assassins, profligates, have usually been the favorite instruments of ambitious popes. But it is this policy of immorality that has made the name of Rome hateful to modern civilization; has driven even Catholic Italy and superstitious Spain to revolt against the despotism of the priest; has shocked the nobler instincts of honest Germany, and, we still trust, will unite all American Catholics in a patriotic league against their betrayers. If the Romish Church desires to win a peaceful home in any land, it must learn to scorn dishonesty, to practice humility, and, above all, never to assume the championship of rebellion or disorder.

These plain words, we are confident, will be of use; in every free community it is well to speak the truth fearlessly, and to denounce the sources of political decay. We are forming the character of a great people, and the happiness of future generations may rest upon the politics of to-day. To educate the whole nation in virtue, equality, and freedom, our fathers invented, or borrowed from the experience of Germany and Holland, a system of public instruction which is neither sectarian nor unchristian, which has grown up into grand proportions, and has made us a united people. It has spread wisdom and common-sense through the prairie and the wilderness. It has proved the firm support of the Union in every moment of danger; and but for the intellectual aid of its army of teachers, Vicksburg and Richmond would have fallen in vain. It was the intelligence of the North that triumphed with Grant, and gratefully placed him at the head of a progressive nation.

An important election approaches, in which the question of education will once more be drawn, by the efforts of the Romish faction, into the unsuitable region of party strife. Baffled in Germany, driven from Rome, the Jesuits aspire to rule in the Legislature of New York. We ask the aid of every German who remembers the vigorous struggle of his own countrymen against the mental tyranny of Rome to enable us to throw off the rule of a foreign priest; to make New York as free as Vienna or Madrid; to crush forever that priestly faction that has corrupted the present generation, and even threatens to blight the hopes of the future. Germany, that has so bravely defended her own free schools through centuries of peril, may at length save and perfect the common-school system of America.

THE VINTAGE OF MEDOC.

The French wines exported from Bordeaux, known by the general name of "claret," are justly esteemed among the most wholesome and pleasant varieties of the "red blood of the lusty vine." Their fine odor and rich color, as well as their delicate taste, the softness and coolness of their impression on the palate, their sedate easiness in the stomach, their mildness to the blood, and their friendliness to the brain, make them of all alcoholic drinks the most agreeable to temperate men. Such is the quality of genuine claret, when not mingled with the fiery juice of the grape raised in Eastern France.

The best kinds of claret are produced in Medoc, a territory which stretches fifty miles north from Bordeaux, and forms a promontory, or tongue of land, between the Atlantic Ocean and the Gironde, or estuary of the Garonne. The name Medoc is a corruption of the Latin "In Medio Aquæ," because of its peninsular situation.

The vineyards of Medoc are situated along a narrow strip of raised ground which runs along the bank of the river; and to the west of this, across the remaining breadth of the plain to the sea-coast, is a sandy waste of heath, with here and there a growth of firs. The gravelly soil of this vine-growing bank is composed of the detritus of the Pyrenean rocks, brought down in former ages by the streams which flow from those mountains into the Garonne River. Examined closely, the soil is a mixture of white quartz pebbles with fine sand. Few plants could subsist upon it, yet the vine thrives better on such ground than any where else. No manure is used, but a little fresh mould is laid over the roots from time to time. The vines here are trained in the espalier fashion, being fastened to horizontal laths fixed across upright posts not more than twenty inches or two feet above the ground, ranged from one end of the vineyard to the other. The spaces between the vine rows are plowed with an ox-plow four times in the season, care being taken not to tread on the plants. A vine will begin to yield grapes fit for wine at five years of age, and will continue productive for a hundred years, extending its roots forty or fifty feet.

The vineyards whose produce is most highly esteemed are those of the Château Lafitte—of which we give an illustration on page 1068—Château Margaux, and Château Latour; but many growths of second-rate quality are sent from the communes which bear these famous names, to say nothing of the immense quantities manufactured by dishonest dealers and sold as genuine.

A NIGHT AT JAVA.

Twenty or thirty tawny figures, lying on benches and on the floor, met our sight as we entered the great half-circular hall. I nearly fell over one of them. As the candle-light revealed his massive features I saw a sleeping Caliban in the strangely savage ebony face.

We had come by boat, on the canal, rowed by three sturdy negroes, who beguiled the time by singing snatches of plaintive melodies. It was a glorious evening, and the moon revealed a constant succession of tropical wonders in the way of vegetation, showing intense photographic bits of scenery, limned in black outlines, but filled in with silvery shapes and the gleam of wonderful flowers and fruits; creatures with wings of gold emitting radiance like flame; little circlets of velvety sward; and ever and anon the twinkling lights of miniature villages nestling at the foot of towering palm-trees.

The black backs of our rowers bent painfully to the oars by the time we reached the old Java Plantation, anciently Government House. We had exhausted our catalogue of adjectives at the sight of leaves that, singly, might shelter the roof of an ordinary house; at the fragrance of flowers that almost smothered us with sweetness. Now the moon revealed to us the ruined lodge gates, overgrown with wild cacti, and the wide, rough road of powdered shells, all too long unused to roller or weeder. A tall spear of flaming scarlet shot from two yellowish-green leaves on either side, whose perfume made me faint. I forget what they call the flower, but it always grows in the vicinity of graves, and its ghastly reputation caused our entrance to Java Plantation to seem singularly unpleasant.

Weeds, weeds, every where; disorder and confusion at every step.

We were a party of four—Dr. Parmalee and his wife, Cousin Dyas and myself.

"Just like Shultas!" muttered the doctor, a little angrily: "always behindhand. He must have received my message." And being familiar with the premises, he climbed up to a shutterless window and opened the door on the inside, which was simply fastened with a hook and staple.

"Ho! look alive here, fellows!" cried the doctor, as we stood in this strange vestibule of an ancient palace, flooded by the wonderful moonlight; and then he kicked the nearest negro, only eliciting a grunt, however, when suddenly a door to the right opened, and there stood a gaunt, spectral figure, a cloak thrown carelessly over his shoulders, in one hand holding a candle, with the other keeping his nether garments in place.

"By the Lord Harry, if it isn't Parmalee!" cried a thin, rasping voice. "Just a minute, doctor; I'll have these rascals up; got a new force on hand. Pray excuse me, ladies!" and all the time he was going backward out of our sight.

He soon reappeared. The cloak gracefully enwrapped his figure, and hung in folds to his slippered feet.

"Welcome, Dr. Parmalee! welcome, ladies, to Java!—Jip, stir yourself!" and off rolled a sturdy African from the bench to the floor with a jerk of the master's hand.

Jip opened his eyes, rubbed his ear, and slowly uncoiling, rose.

"You see, doctor, I sent you a note; it's miscarried, of course. The Governor is coming on the 10th. I thought it would be pleasanter for you, you know; but never mind: just as welcome—entirely welcome. Come into the round room; we'll have supper—not a word. I'll set these black rascals to work. Plenty in the house—you must be hungry. Tiresome ride by canal."

All the while he talked the man's teeth were clicking like castanets, and his body shook visibly.

"But, Shultas, you've got an attack of the ague. I can't allow you—"

"Nonsense, doc, just follow me;" and he smiled, showing yellow teeth that matched the sallow face, and affected me disagreeably; but, withal, he was so polite, so elegant in address, so resolute and quick in speech and movement, that there was nothing to be said or done only to obey and follow.

"I am sorry there's no lady to do the honors," said Shultas, placing the candle under a tall glass shade, clicking his teeth with every word; "but be seated, ladies: you shall have a room presently."

"Oh, get married, Shultas; get married," said the doctor, jocosely: "don't let your silly pride stand in the way."

The man smiled ghastly, but said nothing in direct answer.

"Pray excuse me for a few moments," he murmured, presently, "while I look into the state of the larder. Don't give my peculiar symptoms the least attention, doctor; I'm quite used to it, I assure you; indeed, it is my normal condition, as you medical men say;" and with these words he vanished.

We sat and looked blankly at each other.

"Well, I declare!" said the doctor's wife.

"Inexpressibly dreary place!" muttered Cousin Dyas. "Just as lief be in State-prison. There's something uncanny here; I feel it in my bones. A goodish room—that is, has been; but such broken plastering; and, good Heavens! there's a bat!"

Now if there is one thing more than another that I abominate—that fills me with shuddering hate and disgust—it is a bat. I could sooner handle a serpent. I cowered as the black web-footed thing was driven out of the window, and Cousin Dyas secured the once splendid but now ragged curtains so as to preclude the entrance of bug or bird, or conglomerate of both.

We had taken off our hats and outside drapery, and sat there staring at the round table, with its wine and fruit stained cover, when the door opened, and a tall, elaborately dressed gentleman entered. With a graceful bow he moved toward the doctor.

"I am Lieutenant Pitkin, at your service, Sir, a guest at present with our mutual friend, Shultas. Pleasant place, but somewhat out of repairs at this time. Hope you are not fatigued, ladies, with your long journey. Rather nice, canal-boating: fine scenery. We shall endeavor to make your visit agreeable. Ah! here is Pepper-pot," as a gigantic negro entered, bringing a silver cruet-stand. "Pepper, don't forget the claret."

The negro glared at him as if he could have taken his head off. My heart sank. What kind of a den had we come to?

"Shultas is sick," said the doctor.

"Ague," responded Pitkin, with a smile. "Always ague. Here or any where, no matter what location, always ague; it has taken perpetual lodgings in his bones—doses with quinine, morphine, and all the drugs known to pharmacy; but this cussed climate—pardon, ladies!—shakes a man's heart out of him. I wish he could avail himself of my remedy: I play. Music hath charms, you know. The violin is my specialty; it keeps off the blue-devils—pardon again, ladies!—but the ague is the very—Lucifer!" and he smiled, showing teeth as white as milk.

A centipede crawled slowly along the ceiling. My flesh began to creep. Cousin Dyas got up and walked back and forth uneasily.

"Governor 'll be here on the 10th," rattled the lieutenant, evidently disappointed that we did not call for his violin. "Shultas tried to get you word—every thing fixed up by that time. Plantation deuced fine place; grows all sorts of things. Acquainted with his Excellency?"

"Yes, I know Lord Wodehouse well," returned the doctor.

"Ah!" The lieutenant rattled his watch-chain. Conversation flagged.

"Sorry there's no lady here," he said, after a few moments. "Of course you know of Shultas's misfortune? *She* is down cellar," with a significant motion of the forefinger.

"What! not buried yet?" queried the doctor.

Pitkin shook his head, and pulled down his soiled lemon-colored waistcoat.

"I assure you it's melancholy—an unburied corpse in the house. I tell him a mistaken sense of loyalty makes him too fastidious. Keeping a dead wife for six months! It's altogether preposterous, you know. I believe I have prevailed upon him, however, to bury her; and why not to-morrow?" He spread out his thin left hand, on one of the fingers of which sparkled a large diamond solitaire.

If my blood had chilled before, it curdled now. Cousin Dyas had stopped his walk abruptly, and stood like a statue, his great eyes fastened on Pitkin's face. The doctor looked vexed; so did his wife, who was on the point of speaking, when in came Pepperpot, followed by a retinue of blacks of all shades and sizes, their eyes rolling, their wool in a state of insubordination, as if each particular kink protested against this midnight invasion.

"Why don't you change the cloth, you rascal?" demanded Pitkin, as the servants placed the dishes.

"Wash no habn't come home, Sah," replied the head giant, with his deadly frown.

"Oh, that comes of having no woman here," muttered Pitkin.

"Doc, what kind of a den is this, anyhow?" queried Cousin Dyas, as Pitkin got up to order the black fellows.

"Never mind now," muttered Dr. Parmalee. "Shultas is a good fellow, but lax in discipline—sick, you see. I'm sorry I didn't get his letter." At that moment Shultas came in.

"Now, ladies, I shall have the honor of escorting you up stairs."

The doctor's wife and I followed him. The grand staircase had once been beautiful; now it was defaced with whitewash.

"I beg you will not mind any noises you may hear," said the host, pausing at the door; "those rooms on the opposite side of the hall are filled with bats."

A cry of horror escaped me. Mrs. Parmalee covered it by a careless laugh.

"I know what Java is of old," she said; and we were left alone.

A candle stood under its shade on a table rudely and hastily draped. A glass fronted us, in which my face looked not only pale but distorted, by reason of imperfections on the surface of the mirror.

The room was very large, and brightened by four tall windows that overlooked a wide veranda. The bed, an enormous four-poster, was covered by a flowing mosquito net. The floor was bare and white. A few chairs in poor preservation, a few antique chests black with age, a table or two, a huge basket, full of linen, a bundle in one corner, completed its meagre furnishing.

"Well!" said the doctor's wife, and sat down, laughing. The woman had no nerves.

"For Heaven's sake, don't laugh!" I rejoined. "This is the most forlorn hope of an establishment I have seen yet."

She took me to the window.

Great splashes of dew silvered the leaves of a cabbage-palm that grew near the balcony; flowers, scarlet, yellow, and white; patches of level emerald; the canal, glistening like hoar-frost; a hut under a magnolia-tree—the whole vivid splendor of the night revived my flagging spirits.

"It's a horrible place, though. What did they mean by that story? A dead woman in the house! I won't sleep here; not a wink. *Is* that man's dead wife down cellar?"

"Yes; and I thought he had more sense," said the doctor's wife, glooming. "She was there the last time we came here; had just died, poor soul! Then he thought of returning to England in a month. It is a queer story," she went on, under her breath. "There's a magnificent octoroon somewhere near here—her name is Celia Terry—well educated and worth money. He loves her; she won't live as his mistress; he don't want to lose caste by making her his wife. Poor wretch! I don't see but he is in as bad a fix as he can be—what with his ague and his unrequited love. But there is the bell!"

"I can't eat! I won't go down! I shall die!" I cried, catching my breath.

"Come, come! no nervosities: you'll have hysteria next," said the doctor's wife, handing me her smelling-salts. "Since we are here, let's make the best of it. Depend upon it, you'll feel better to-morrow."

I pass over the supper; it was more than fair, with its delicious fruits, cold meats, and custards. Pepperpot, the giant, helped us, scowling all the time, and looking ready to eat us up.

The doctor and Cousin Dyas were to sleep in a small room adjoining ours, with the door open. Fortunately the locks were in good repair. The bats thundered in the walls; unearthly cries sounded in every quarter; a white owl looked in at the window like a death's-head. My nerves were so thoroughly shaken that I was ready for any amount of ghostly experience. We had lighted two night-wicks, but the moon shone them into darkness, so that they seemed to float uselessly in their cups of aromatic oil.

Worse than all, the fine flowing net was a sham. The bed swarmed with mosquitoes, and the gauzy curtains were full of rents and holes.

Clearly there was to be no sleep for me that night. Sometimes I sat up, fighting the insects with my handkerchief, and almost envying the doctor's wife, who slept serenely, with her large lace veil fastened over her face by the four corners of the pillow.

The ceiling of the room had a strange, peculiar fascination for me. In the centre was a corniced square, much discolored. It looked to me like a trap-door. In the weird moonlight it seemed continually moving to and fro; but that, of course, was fancy.

I thought of that dead woman down stairs; I heard footsteps—tramp, tramp—sounds as of human voices in the atmosphere.

Suddenly something happened.

The board within the cornice *did* move. My strength deserted me utterly. I tried to touch the doctor's wife. I strove to speak to her. In vain: I was like a dead woman.

Another moment and a light rope-ladder was thrown down. It touched one of the bed-posts, and rattled a little. An icy perspiration broke out on me from head to foot. I thought I was dying, but still my eyes retained the power of vision.

A light figure clothed in white swung at the opening above me, clutching at the boards, then at the rope. It struggled for a footing, swinging round with the exertion, and then, slowly descending, caught at the bed-post, and stood upright, panting for breadth.

It was a woman, a dark, beautiful woman. Her long, glossy hair, uncoiled and curling, covered her as with a robe. Her eyes were lustrous and dewy; her arms were bare, and superbly shaped. Never in all my life, before or since, have I seen a face to compare with that—the swimming, dark orbs, the proud lips dashed with vermilion, the rich, creamy complexion.

She stood there looking at me; I lay powerless, gazing at her. But one word escaped her as she clasped her hands in a passionate cry:

"Lady!"

The blood rushed back to my heart.

"Who are you?" I whispered.

"I am Celia Terry."

"What are you doing here?"

"Oh, it is dreadful—dreadful!" she murmured, not seeming to hear me. "I have been so deceived!"

"Miss Terry!" said another voice.

It was the doctor's wife. She was leaning on her elbow, wide awake.

"Mrs. Parmalee!" cried the girl, with a start.

"How came you here?"

"Don't look so angry, Mrs. Parmalee. If you knew what I know! Oh, you thought his wife was in that dreadful box down stairs. It's a miserable deception. I knew he never acted like an innocent man. I have noticed this sliding panel; I saw this rope-ladder in the shed where he keeps his seeds. I *knew* I saw a human face at the cobwebbed window at the end of the room above this. I found that the roofs were easy to climb, though I didn't dare come back that way. Mrs. Parmalee, I dragged this rope-ladder after me; something told me what he used it for. Mrs. Parmalee, that man's wife is up there! Oh, God help her!" The girl shook from head to foot.

The doctor's wife gazed from her face to mine. Her very lips were white.

"I never dreamed that of Shultas," she said, shivering.

"It is true!—that poor soul up there! Oh, Mrs. Parmalee, I can't trust myself to tell you; I can't indeed."

"And he was going to bury—what—to-morrow?"

"I think in my soul he had not dared go on with that farce," said the girl. "Now what shall I do with the ladder? *She* has not strength to unhook it."

"Let it stay," said the doctor's wife. "Now how will you return?"

"By the balcony; I can get down easily on the cabbage-tree."

"Then go, for I intend to have this matter investigated. And Shultas would have married you!"

"That is all over—the wretch!" she muttered between her teeth.

The doctor's wife dressed herself, and so did I. Then she waked her husband, and there was a consultation.

Cousin Dyas volunteered to ascend the ladder; he was agile and used to climbing. He came back in a cold horror, and took the doctor by himself to tell what he had seen.

We did not lie down again. It seemed as if morning would never come. In that strange hush that in tropical countries precedes the dawn we strained our ears to listen, but could not hear a sound overhead. Our fancies were not pleasant.

As Dr. Parmalee had predicted, Shultas was too unwell to rise at the usual hour that morning. We locked our room, and took the key. Then we strolled round to the back of the house and peered down into the cellar. Through the grating we saw the metallic case. He was killing her by inches; he was waiting for her to die. Before this, no doubt, he had hoped to marry the octoroon.

It was evident that Pitkin was not in the hideous secret. He talked over the matter of the coming ceremony as he played—and he really played surprisingly well.

"Pepperpot, tell the niggers to get that hole dug," he said, significantly, to the giant, after breakfast.

At twelve Shultas came down, carefully dressed, but shaking. I need not say with what loathing we met him.

"I hope you slept comfortably?" he said. "You must avail yourselves of every pleasure possible to this poor place. I have put twenty-five men on the lawn and garden; it will be quite trim here by to-morrow. Those fellows mow well."

He stood looking out of the window.

"Pepperpot will take you to the coffee-field; it's all out in scarlet now. Then there's the pine-apple plantation; that's a curiosity to strangers. I don't know"—he shook harder as he turned from the window—"but I shall take your advice, doctor. I believe I have fully made up my mind to marry. It's—it's rather a peculiar case, you know. I suppose I shall be overlooked and neglected; but, as I said, I've fully made up my mind to that. One should secure one's happiness, you know."

I felt myself growing white. Cousin Dyas left the room abruptly; Mrs. Parmalee clutched my dress. Cousin Dyas came back again.

"Shultas, what did your wife die of?" asked the doctor, suddenly. "I have never heard, I think."

"This cussed atmosphere, I fancy. Beg your pardon, ladies," said Pitkin, gravely.

"She died of—well, I suppose, apoplexy. There was no doctor; nobody but niggers in the house—and—decay set in so soon (you know all about that, doctor) that, as I could get no female help, I placed her in a box myself. That's the way we poor devils have to do here. I got a metal coffin as soon as I could. She never wanted to be buried in this heathenish place; so—I—keep her, hoping every month to be able to carry her back. Why, if you believe me, at the funeral—for we had the show of one—I could only find a nigger preacher to conduct the service. Fact, upon my word."

His word! and he stood there, his lips black with lies.

"Shultas," said the doctor, rising, "can I see you up stairs?"

The doctor's voice was so changed that I started, and Pitkin, in the midst of a delicate pianissimo passage, held his bow suspended.

Shultas never answered. He turned a livid gray, and his teeth rattled harder. The doctor had reached the door. Shultas crept after him, utterly ignoring our presence, his great, cavernous eyes fastened upon Dr. Parmalee. And so together they passed out of our sight.

We three listened, professedly, for an hour to the rapt and delighted Pitkin, but really agonizing to catch the sound of returning footsteps. Cousin Dyas walked the floor, fanning himself with a huge dried palm leaf.

Pepperpot came in and replaced the dirty cloth with one clean and shining. Pitkin played on.

Then entered the doctor. He looked pale and grave.

"Ladies, you will be ready to leave in an hour," he said. "I have found some boatmen to take us back."

"*Not* going!" said Pitkin, with a flourish of his bow. "Why, the funeral—I mean the burying—"

"Can I see you alone for a minute, Sir?" asked the doctor; and his voice was so strangely solemn that the violin suddenly laid on its back and snapped an E string.

Well, we got ready in silence and in haste. The doctor said but little as we walked to the landing. Pitkin watched us off with a wretched, frightened face. He knew all; and the last object we saw on the Java Plantation was poor Pitkin, elbows disconsolately bowed and hands in his pockets.

Then the doctor told us that poor Mrs. Shultas was really dead, and that she must have died that night.

"I left that wretch half dying," he said; "and if I thought there was a month's life in him I would blaze the whole matter abroad. He has lost every thing. The plantation is going to the dogs, and Miss Terry knows all. That cuts him to the quick. I counseled with Pitkin and Pepperpot (that's a grand negro), and the poor murdered creature will at last be put in the metallic case and be buried to-day. So the service, whatever it is, will be no mockery."

We were flying along the cool, green water as fast as six stalwart black arms could stroke.

"See! We missed that last night," said the doctor.

It was an open sward to the right, where stood a little box of a house half concealed by wonderful vines and flowering shrubs.

"Stop! back water!" shouted the doctor, as we were passing this sylvan paradise.

Somebody was running down the pretty path from the cottage. It was the octoroon, more gloriously beautiful than ever. Cousin Dyas sat transfixed.

"It is all over up there," said Dr. Parmalee.

"All over?" she mournfully questioned.

"Yes; Mrs. Shultas is dead, and he is not much better." She shuddered, and put her hand over her eyes. Another moment and she was composed.

"Can you keep a secret?" asked the doctor.

"I can," she said, solemnly.

"Then, in God's name! say nothing of the past. It can do no good. Farewell!"

We all added "farewell" save Cousin Dyas, who made a motion, as the boat moved again, to jump ashore or throw himself overboard—at least the doctor's wife accused him of one intention or the other.

"You couldn't marry her, so don't make a fool of yourself," she added, laughing; whereat Cousin Dyas said, Give him the chance and she would see.

The Governor's *fête* was postponed. Ultimately it came off; but Shultas only survived it a month.

As for the beautiful octoroon, she married a thriving shop-keeper, a Portuguese, and went down to Georgetown to live. The last I heard from her she was both rich and happy.

Java Plantation is falling into ruins, as it should.

A DUTCH CANAL.

ROB ROY, from whose journal in Holland we gave an interesting chapter last week, writes the following account of his visit to one of the vast engineering works for which the inhabitants of that country are celebrated:

"The North Holland Canal, which was cut to save a roundabout from Amsterdam by the Zuyder-Zee, is more than fifty miles long, and enables large ships to enter Holland at its extreme northern end. But this canal is too long, too narrow, too tortuous, and too shallow for the increasing length and depth of our largest merchant vessels. To save time, then, and much trouble and transhipment, the new canal opens to the west instead of the north. It is fifteen miles in length instead of fifty-two. Its depth is twenty-six feet available instead of sixteen feet, and no bends or sudden turns obstruct the passage any where.

"At present the work is precisely in that condition most interesting to inspect, being just beyond the state in which any doubt can remain as to ultimate success. Very likely this success will sap the other canal, and reduce Niewe Diep to a marine dépôt; perhaps it will also draw the golden tide from Rotterdam, but perhaps, too, the merchants there will shift their quarters to the better *entrepôt* of Amsterdam, and yet, perhaps, indeed, when all is done, a certain German prince will stretch out his iron hand and ask for the new road, and very graciously thank those who made it for him.

"First of all, locks are being placed on the east to inclose an artificial lake about twelve miles long, at one end of which rests Amsterdam, and a deep channel is dredged along this lake, with two banks gradually rising into solid tow-paths. Minor canals, in all about twelve miles long, are left on either side to communicate with the little towns now on the shores of the Y, but all this intermediate area of water will be pumped out, and so nearly 12,000 acres will thus be reclaimed. No one can say how much this new territory will sell for, but an acre I asked about at random was valued at £100.

"The dredging is far better done than it was on the Suez Canal. The machinery has been steadily improved and simplified, and the latest and best appliance was only completed a few days ago. This consists of a tube resting near the ooze at the bottom, and containing a shaft with a centrifugal pump, which draws up the sand and water bodily—about half of each in the mixture—and forces it along wooden pipes floated along the surface of the water and flexibly jointed by leather hides. The slush is thus poured through a conduit about three hundred feet long and one foot broad, which resembles a huge black snake coiled and asleep on the water, and with its tail turned over the bank at the side. Through this tail, even when it is raised eight feet above the level, a copious fluid rushes, black as ink, but fertile for the next hundred generations of cheese-making Hollanders. So simple is this plan that already it is being applied to the great banks of the Danube, and I saw boxes full of the hide joints being sent to the Sulina mouth. Not many, but still some, curiosities have been found in the ground dug up or dredged for the canal. An enormous mammoth's skull and huge bones of the same fill one end of Mr. Freeman's office, and these ought to be in the British Museum, and could, I believe, be readily forwarded if properly applied for. One human skull has been dredged out nine feet below low-water mark, and I am enabled to bring it home. The size is large, the frontal part very small, the forehead being scarcely more than an inch in height. One or two pottery pieces have also been found, and, of course, plenty of shells. As no gravel has appeared in the matter dredged from below, it seems plain that the idea is erroneous which has long suggested that an ancient mouth of the Rhine once led through Holland at this spot.

"The banks thus formed are gradually raised above the surface to the average of three feet, and then a layer of stiff clay is placed over the sand. On this is spread a sort of matting of loose reeds which grow profusely in every lagoon. Long twigs of the willow-like tree named 'rys' are then laid down, and stakes about four feet long are driven through them in rows, while a regular twisted wattling of 'rys' is securely worked into these, and the whole assumes a most business-like aspect, utterly different from the loose, unprotected sand banks of the Suez Canal, which latter the water, the wind, and their own weight all conspire to ruin. Better than all the rest, a plant called 'helm,' which grows naturally on the sand hills, is being planted like cabbage rows upon the new-formed banks, and this rapidly takes root, and binds all together. This plan is to be tried on the Suez Canal, but probably the climate and the larger proportion of salt-water in the Egyptian sand may prevent the 'helm' from growing there. At the end of the lake we reach the four miles of solid sand and elevated ground which had to be cut through before the western shore of Holland is attained. The deepest cutting is not more than 100 feet, and is a mere matter of digging and carrying away. At length we come to the locks close to the sea. These are of enormous size, 500 feet long and 60 feet broad, with a depth over the silt of 30 feet. The stone-work facing of these is beautifully fitted, and the 25,000,000 of Dutch bricks here laid are a model of brick-laying. The width of the canal from centre to centre of the towing-path is about 500 feet, but at the edge of the main channel only 200 feet, and 80 feet at the bottom; but this gives ample room for the largest vessels to pass each other. Now we are in the thick of the 'dunes' or sand hills, Holland's western wall. They are not bare, but rather jungly in their look, and hares and rabbits, and curlew and spoonbills, are plentifully found by the sportsman on these wilds. Climbing this barrier, we can look down on the two gigantic pier arms that stretch forth boldly into the stormy sea, and which keep steadily lengthening every week, and gradually bending in their ends to form the grand entrance to the new-born port. Nearly one-half of these piers are already finished, and this not by casting in the huge blocks promiscuously, as at Port Said, but by placing every one on its proper bed, well fitted to its neighbors, and bound by iron ties, so as to form a smooth-faced, upright sea-wall. The blocks thus placed are made of concrete and Portland cement, in weight about ten tons each, just as at Port Said, and thousands of them are still on the shore waiting to be run along the pier, and then to be hoisted up by the iron neck of the great steam 'Titan' which will swing them into their final beds."